THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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ROSSA IN BIRR.

He Unveils the Monument to the Manchester Martyrs in That Town, and Makes a Spirited and Notable Address.

The Action of the Dublin Corporation in Rejecting Him for Marshal Condemned.

[*Irish Daily Independent, July 22.*]

In the presence of a vast concourse the beautiful memorial statue, in honor of the Manchester Martyrs, at Birr, was unveiled today by O'Donovan Bossa. The ceremony was of the most impressive character, people thronged into the town from all the surrounding districts in large numbers, and there were representatives present from Roscrea, Nenagh, Tullamore and other important centres. The statue, which has been erected in market square, is a splendid work of art; beautiful in design and workmanship. The pedestal, which is made of Kilkenny lime stone, is beautifully engraved, and the entablature bears the inscription "Manchester Martyrs." The pedestal supports a figure of Erin holding a harp and with a wolf dog by her side, and is exquisitely wrought. The mother of one of the martyred youths, Michael Larkin, lives in the neighborhood, and Larkin himself lived within a hundred yards of where the monument to his memory and to the memory of his heroic companions now stands. The meeting was preceded by a procession, which started from the railway station on the arrival of the excursion trains from Dublin and Limerick, and included the various bands from the town and neighborhood. The processionists walked to the market square, where a platform was erected and the meeting was held. There was a vast assemblage of people, the entire square and adjoining streets being packed to their utmost limits. Bands attended from Roscrea, Arderoney, Cloughjordan, Athlone, Clara, Frankford, Shinrane, Birr Young Men's Society, and Mountrath and other places.

On motion of Mr. Michael Hogan, P. L. G., seconded by Mr. William Adams, T. C., Tullamore, Mr. John Powell, editor of the *Midland Tribune*, took the chair. The chairman, who was greeted with cheers, said under ordinary circumstances it would be a pleasure for him to preside over such a magnificent gathering, but on an occasion such as the present, when they had come together to honor the memory of men whose lives were sacrificed on the altar of patriotism, that pleasure was enhanced a thousandfold. It had been said that the "spark" of Irish Nationality had ceased to burn in Ireland. Perhaps it did not burn as brightly in the Dublin corporation, where it had been replaced by the vilest corruption (groans); but it burned as brightly in the hearts of the Irish workingmen as it did twenty-four years ago, when the three martyrs gave up their lives on the altar of their country (cheers). Many things had been written by O'Donovan Rossa with which they could not sympathize, but they admired the fiery old patriot for what he had endeavored to do (cheers).

A Voice—Tipperary will elect him again (cheers).

O'Donovan Rossa then came forward and unveiled the memorial structure amid a scene of wild enthusiasm, the bands appropriately playing "God Save Ireland." After the unveiling ceremony had been performed, O'Donovan Rossa, who was received with prolonged cheering, opened with the words, "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church," and "blessed are those who suffer persecution for justice sake, for their's is the Kingdom of Heaven" (cheers). He said face to face that day with the memory of the men who died for Ireland, they looked heavenwards to enter into communion with them, and to pledge to them their faith that while they lived the cause for which they suffered martyrdom should never die (cheers). As in religion the blood of its martyrs was the seed of its life and strength, so in a nation oppressed, plundered and persecuted as Ireland had been, the sacrifice of its people was the life of its nationality (cheers). Forty years ago, after England having robbed the land of its produce, produce that was sufficient to support three times the population it contained, and after she had by starvation and emigration reduced the population from nine millions to six millions, she cried out with joy and exultation that the Irish were gone, and gone with a vengeance (cheers), and she gave thanks to God and to heaven that they were gone. She rejoiced that the time was nigh when it would be as hard to find an Irishman in Ireland as it would be to find a red Indian in the city of New York (cheers). She railed in scorn at the men of '48 who rose with John Mitchel, Smith O'Brien, Thomas Francis Meagher, Terence Bellew McManus, Michael Doheny, John O'Mahony, James Stephens, Joe Brennan, Richard Dalton Williams, Richard O'Gorman and others (cheers), and she told them that if they were in earnest in their determination to raise their country from a position of slavery to a position of independence, they should fight for it, not with oratory and tall-talk, but with knives and hatchets (cheers). The great oracle of the English government, the London *Times* (groans), spoke that very shortly after '48. Carlyle, the great English historian, said Ireland was a rat in the path of an elephant (groans), and he asked what was the elephant to do. He answered, "Squelch it, by heavens, squelch it." What wonder was that the young Irishmen of these times, reading the taunts and sneers at their country, would have their blood fired with indignation? They had no hope of redress for Ireland's wrongs through England's parliament. What wonder was it that they rushed into the resolution to take a leaf out of the enemy's book and fight her with her own weapons? What wonder was it that heroic men like Allen, Larkin and O'Brien (cheers) came to the front and struck terror into the hearts of the enemy (cheers)—terror so great that the greatest and most wily Minister of State in England said in his place in parliament that only for the Irishmen who made the Manchester rescue a success, and the Irishman who broke down a prison in the heart of London, he never would hove been able to bring home to his mind or the minds of Englishmen the necessity of doing justice to Ireland (cheers). Gladstone——

A voice—A cheer for Gladstone (cheers and groans).

O'Donovan Rossa — Gladstone told Gathorne Hardy that he did not bring in the Church bill in '66 because he had not known so much then as he knew afterwards in respect to the intensity of Fenianism. Fenianism, the work of Allen, Larkin and O'Brien, brought the Irish question within the pale of practical politics, and yet England strangled to death those men who demonstrated to her the necessity of doing justice to Ireland (groans). That showed them the price they had to pay for every boon England gave them (hear, hear). They wanted home rule.

A voice—It's dead.

O'Donovan Rossa—The lords of England put a certain price on home rule. Were they ready to pay it? Were they ready to buy it with their blood? Were they willing to give England more Fenian heroes and martyrs? (cheers). Heaven knew and God knew they had martyrs enough. England had made martyrs for the Irish cause, she had stained every hearth-stone in their land with the heart's blood of victims. It was time the Irish were gone, they were scattered over the four quarters of the habitable globe, but in whatever clime they were their pulses beat with the old desire for vengeance (cheers). He believed they were willing to make sacrifices to save their land from the wreck and ruin into which it was drifting (hear, hear).

"Is she worth your love and honor,
Is she worth your blood and life,
And the price that's put upon her,
And the struggle and the strife?"

Yes, she was worth all this; she was worth another blow. Some of the Ministers of England had been smiling at them these years past, but they had given them no evidence of their sincerity. They passed through the house of commons a bill that gave some sort of home rule to Ireland, but they still kept in prison in England some twenty Irishmen, who were incarcerated because they tried one way or another to free their native land (cheers). And the English Ministry, through its mouthpiece, said they would not allow these men out of prison. Their imprisonment, as Isaac Butt had said, writing to Gladstone in reference to the prisoners of a quarter of a century ago, was a badge of conquest. Was there nothing to be done but erecting monuments of stone? Was there nothing to be done for the cause for which these men died? To him the cause for which they died seemed to be dead (cries of "No, no"), and he there that day could not prevent his thoughts from asking him was he one of the ghouls that came to feed upon the graves of the dead (cries of "no"). If the spirit of his martyred comrade, Michael O'Brien, could speak to him that day and ask him "how was old Ireland and how did she stand," wouldn't he be surprised if he (O'Donovan Rossa) told him that since he came across the water he met some of the old stock who were inclined to put their trust in the devil for their salvation. He had determined to fight till the death till his country was free (cheers).

Mr. Michael Reddy, Shannonbridge, proposed a resolution condemning the Dublin corporation for having refused to elect the old Fenian chief to the city marshalship, and denunciatory of the lord mayor (groans). He said they should emphasize their action that day by condemning the men who ran antagonistic to O'Donovan Rossa. It was an unhallowed and unsanctified thing that men should traffic with the sacred principles of Irish Nationality (hear, hear).

Mr. Dennis J. O'Riordan, Dublin, in supporting the motion said he thanked the memorial committee for having invited a member of the Young Ireland League to speak at that gathering. They had come there to unveil a memorial erected to the men who had made it possible for the Dublin corporation to call itself National. The members of the corporation had mounted into position by pretending to be what they were not. They were delighted for the sake of their country at the vote of the corporation, for it showed them who were their enemies and who were their friends.

The resolution was put and carried.

Mr. P. Kenna, Cloughjordan, moved "That the time has arrived when the case of the political prisoners should receive the attention of the Liberal government."

Mr. J. P. O'Brien, Dublin, seconded the motion. It only remained, he said, for them to call on their representatives to bring such pressure on the government as would compel the government to release the men who had committed no crime against society. He stood before them as a prisoner at large, as he had been convicted in '67.

The resolution was adopted amid cheers.

Addresses were then presented to O'Donovan Rossa by the members of the Mountrath Fife and Drum Band and the Independent Nationalists of Castletown.

O'Donovan Rossa briefly replied, and said he deserved no thanks for the course he pursued through life. He deserved no thanks for trying to set his country free. His life in the future would be in harmony with his life in the past.

A vote of thanks to the chairman was adopted, on the motion of Mr. Dennis Maher, Anglish, seconded by Mr. James Lynam, Fearmore. The chairman briefly replied, and the proceedings terminated.

ANCIENT ORDER PICNIC.

The Energetic Hibernians Have a Pleasant Day at Gardner's Park on the 5th Inst.

Important Address Delivered by State Vice-President Kelly On the Principles of the Order.

The picnic of the Ancient Order of Hibernians at Gardner's Park on the 5th inst. was a splendid success. Well managed in every respect the event reflects credit on the promoters, and I trust will be included in the programme of '95. Our people want more of such gatherings, and cannot afford to ignore so potent a means of drawing the elements of our race nearer to each other, encouraging kindly feeling and broadening the acquaintance of individuals. The happy, merry, good-humored crowd of Aug. 5 was typical of their well organized government restrained by gentle yet firm discipline. On the dancing platform or in the football match, in the excitement of the sports or listening to the words of the speakers, the hundreds who thronged the pleasant park deported themselves as a people worthy of the great race from whom they claim descent, and as citizens appreciating the freedom enjoyed in their adopted country.

County President Henely was ably assisted by Bro. Sullivan of Div. 8, Bro. O'Sullivan of Div. 9, Bro. Lynch of Div. 11, Bros. Conroy and Mulcahy of Div. 17, Bro. Holden of Div. 35, and many others. The management of those gentlemen was excellent, and gave universal satisfaction.

About 5 o'clock the speakers mounted the platform and P. B. Flannagan introduced State President John T. Keating as chairman, who, after some brief remarks, in his turn presented State Vice-President Kelly of Ottawa, Ill., as the speaker selected to address the gathering on "The A.O.H., its Origin, Aims, and Objects." Bro. Kelly has an excellent address and pleasing voice. His words were listened to with deep attention and were, in part, as follows:

This society, as stated in the preamble of its constitution, has placed upon the banner of its associations, as the beneficent source of all its laws, the inspiration of all its noble impulses, and the beacon that lights up the paths of duty, the three cardinal principles of Friendship, Unity, and True Christian Charity; and we believe and know that our organization if faithful to these principles in all things and at all times, is capable of doing a vast amount of good. We believe that a proper observance and practice of the principles of unity, friendship and benevolence, will make our members better christians and better citizens of this beloved country, to whose institutions they are so devotedly attached. The A. O. H. teaches and impresses upon its members the duty of true friendship among all; to relieve distress wherever found; to console and comfort the afflicted; to aid and assist the fallen brother to the highest standard of citizenship. It teaches and advocates unity among the exiled children of Ireland, and urges upon its members to aid and promote each other's prosperity. Yes, we make every endeavor to unite the Irish people, and deplore the fact that lack of unity has worked irreparable loss and damage to Ireland's cause. In unity there is strength, and in lack of unity there is weakness; singly and as individuals, we are weak and not able to accomplish much, but organized and united as we are in one grand brotherhood, bound together in the strong yet loving bonds of friendship, and with true christian charity as our watchword, we become all-powerful. I said that singly and as individuals we are incapable of great accomplishment. That is true, and yet it is the individual act of the member, the kind word, the fraternal greeting, the hearty and sincere grasp of friendship, the timely warning, the loving care and attention and the generous provision for the sick or distressed brother, the burial of the dead, the consolation and assistance to the widow and orphan; all these things, properly directed, in the aggregate make this organization as it is today, the strongest of Irish Catholic organizations, with far-reaching influences and great power for doing good. To the member stricken by disease or the victim of accident, it pays $5 per week benefit, and this sum, though apparently small, in many cases where the breadwinner of the family is through sickness unable to work for any considerable time serves to keep the wolf from the door. In case of death, the order pays funeral expenses.

I have been for more than seventeen years a member, and during most of that time have taken an active interest in its affairs, and since I have come to know the organization as it is, its practical charities, its sincere friendships, its quiet but open-handed generosity, extended not alone to the unfortunate brother but its broader charity that recognizes no distinction of race, or creed or color, with each succeeding year my admiration for the grand old order and the principles under which it is quietly, unostentatiously, but nevertheless effectively doing its work of charity and benevolence, has steadily increased. Aside from the material benefits and advantages secured to all members, there are its social features, its friendly gatherings, its literary and musical entertainments which are instructive, elevating and enjoyable.

Its members, while yielding to none in their loyalty and devotion to the starry flag and the institutions of this our beloved country, and prizing above all things their American citizenship, nevertheless take a just pride in the history and traditions of the land of their forefathers and it encourages patriotism and seeks to perpetuate that history and keep alive the spirit of Irish nationality. It has been said that the surest way to destroy a people is to destroy their language, for as long as the mother tongue is preserved the spirit of nationality will exist. A few months ago the representatives of this Order met in the city of Omaha, in national convention, and as practical as patriotic, true to the teachings of this organization and proud of their ancestry, appropriated $50,000 for the endowment of a Gaelic chair in the Catholic University at Washington, for the preservation of the Irish language and for teaching the literature and poetry of Ireland.

We have a mission to perform and that is to promote the welfare of and elevate our people to the highest standard of citizenship. To accomplish this, we should work unceasingly. Officers should be zealous and faithful in the discharge of duty, members loyal to the officers, obedient to its laws, and faithful to its glorious principles. By so doing, and all working in harmony, we will be the better able to draw within the circle of our influence all those who by reason of their nationality and religion we have a right to look to for counsel, encouragement and support as well as those, who are and should be the natural objects of our care and solicitude, and we should not relax our efforts until every man eligible to membership who is proud of the history and legends and traditions of his people, is enrolled under the banner of Hibernianism, for Friendship, Unity, and True Christian Charity.

Chairman Keating next introduced the Hon. J. H. Donohue of Joliet, who delivered an able and exhaustive address on the "A.O.H. as American Citizens." When the orator's sonorous voice quoted Section 3 of the Constitution of the State of Illinois—"The free exercise and enjoyment of religious profession and worship, without discrimination, shall forever be guaranteed, and no person shall be denied any civil or political right, privilege or capacity on account of his religious opinions"—the great audience broke into a whirlwind of applause. The speaker passed on to the history of the Republic, and amid the cheers of the enthusiastic auditors referred to the battlefields where Irish valor was foremost in the cause of the Republic and our liberties. With an appeal to all the young men present Bro. Donohue closed what was one of the most stirring addresses I ever had the pleasure of listening to.

The picnic closed at a late hour, and I am pleased to learn from the managers that it proved a success in a financial as well as a social way. It is gratifying to know that the friends of the good old Order are so willing to assist when the proceeds are to be applied to a laudable project. I trust next year's picnic will be a still greater success.

SHAUN.

IN GLENGORMLEY.

BY ETHNA CARBERY.

'Tis summer in Glengormley,
And the mountain gorse aglow
Sends shafts of gold adown the slopes
Where we were wont to go;
The thrushes pipe as sweet, as clear,
The streamlet sings all day
By daisied grass and heather-bells,
But you are far away!

Her star had dawned for our sad land,
Her rallying-call had pealed
Loud from the city's market-place
Over each sun-kissed field;
And the loving heart that beat for me
Beat for the mother too;
So forth you fared to take your place
Among the brave and true.

Though prison walls should sunder
Our hands that clasped, asthore;
Though lonely years should drift between,
And you come back no more;
Though our bright dreams be unfulfilled,
No craven tears shall rise
To dim the memory of the smile
That lit my love's brave eyes.

I'd rather see you cold, love,
Beneath the shamrock screen,
Than know you traitor to your God
And traitor to the green!
I'd rather see your dear, dark head
On spear-point of the foe,
Than know when Ireland needed you
You never struck a blow!

She's worth all bitter pangs endured
For her sweet, holy sake,
By manly hearts that meet the steel,
And women's hearts that break;
Should weaker souls grow faint and cold,
Oh, never, love, forget
The land your fathers died to save
Is yours to die for yet!

But God may will it otherwise—
And, haply, His decree
May bring you safe ere summer wanes
To home and love and me;
My pride to think you never failed!
My joy to kiss each scar
For Ireland borne with Ireland's sons
On battlefields afar.

And the thrushes in Glengormley
Shall trill a song of hope,
The streamlets rush to welcome you
Adown the heathery slope;
The sad soul of the motherland
Shall rise erect and free—
When you come back, oh, true and brave,
To my glad heart and me.

—*Irish Weekly Independent.*

IRELAND'S RUINED INDUSTRIES

How Iniquitous British Laws Crushed the Commercial Life Out of One of the Most Fertile Countries in the World.

Actions of the Government Which Made the Land of Prosperity a Land of Famine.

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.]

The first result of the law affecting wool was a contraband trade with France. The Irish coast was eminently suited to the carrying on of such a trade with comparative impunity. The law compelled the Irish to sell their wool to the English at their own price or to keep it at home. Thus England had at once a virtual monopoly of the woolen trade, and the opportunity of purchasing the best wool in the world at the lowest possible price. Naturally enough the Irish revolted at the idea of disposing of their goods in such a market. So the smuggling began. From every bay on the Irish coast the proscribed article continued to be shipped from day to day, and the influx of Irish wool gave a distinct impetus to the woolen trade in France—in fact, raised it to the dignity of rivalry with that of England. In Ireland fleece wool cost a shilling a pound; in France it was sold for half a crown; in Ireland combed wool costs a shilling; in France it fetched 4s 6d. Moreover, French wool mixed with Irish produced most excellent cloth, and one sack of Irish wool was enough to work up three of French. A unique system of smuggling was carried on between the two countries. Over to France went the wool, and back, in return, came cargoes of brandy, wines and silks. This contraband trade had a downright legitimate flavor about it. It won the sympathy of almost everybody in Ireland, and there were few, indeed, who did not profit by it. It flourished for years, and proved a pretty thorn in the side of England. The efforts to stop it were long fruitless. It was impossible to cope with the innumerable sloops that glided over from day to day to Brust and Rochelle. On land and sea the government were alike powerless. If a smuggler were actually captured, it was found impossible to secure a conviction. If the grand jury did not do their duty—that is to say, throw out the bill—the petty jury came to the rescue and acquitted the prisoner. They had a united Ireland then. Protestant and Catholic joined hand in hand to resist that infamous law. But, alas, this did little to atone for the blow that England had struck. The best blood in the land was drained away in that dreadful time. Two forces were at work; on the one hand the legislative battery which had opened fire on the woolen trade; on the other, a pestilent set who strained every nerve to convert every available strip of tillage into pasture. The grazier, with whom we have had to grapple so sternly in recent years, went to work with a will; thousands of houses were levelled, and the smiling cornfields became pastures in which cattle took the place of human beings. Thus famine and immigration combined in the murderous work of depopulating Ireland. The spread of the grass farm is explained by the fact that after the woolen industry had been ruined a large business was done in salt meats.

The years that followed were some of the most dreadful in Irish history. For half a century every bad season produced a famine, and this series of calamities culminated in 1740-41 in one of the most appalling famines on record. Contemporary writers, who saw the scenes they describe, have drawn pictures so ghastly as almost to harrow up one's soul. One writer estimates the number of persons who perished at 400,000. Berkeley, the bishop of Cloyne, said that the nation would not recover the loss in a century. "The other day," he wrote, in a letter to Prior, "I heard one from the county Limerick say that whole villages were entirely dispeopled. About two months since I heard Sir Richard Cox say that 500 were dead in the parish, though in a country, I believe, not very populous." Skelton, another Protestant writer of that period, tells us it was computed that as many people died of want, or of disorders occasioned by want, as fell by the sword in the massacre and rebellion of 1641—exactly a century before. "Whole parishes in some places were almost desolate," says the writer; "the dead have been eaten in the field by dogs for want of people to bury them. Whole thousands in a barony have perished, some of hunger and others of disorders occasioned by unnatural, unwholesome and putrid diet," I have seen the laborer endeavoring to work at the spade, but fainting for want of food and forced to quit it," wrote a country gentlemen to Boulter who was then primate. "I have seen the helpless orphan exposed on the dunghill and none to take him in for fear of infection; and I have seen the hungry infant sucking at the breast of the expired parent." It is needless to pile on the agony—we have only to remember that all these heart-breaking scenes were entirely due to the measures which shut Ireland out from the colonial market, and ruined her industry; that they happened in a country which is one of the most fertile in the world, and which is eminently adapted to commerce by reason of her rivers and excellent harbors. We need not pause to examine the wisdom of those measures from the standpoint of political economy, or with regard to the interest of England. It is enough to say they were as shortsighted as they were ferocious; in strict fact, the Irish woolen trade was in no sense a rival to that of England. The contraband trade carried on between France and Ireland made France a formidable rival of England in that respect. The revenue from Ireland decreased enormously, and the army had to be enormously reduced. These were the immediate results of the act of 1599. But it did something more than this; it did more than anything that had ever before happened to breed fierce and bitter hate for England in the Irish heart, and it stocked a great colony in America with men and women whose descendants got the opportunity in the War of Independence of wreaking revenge on "the mother country," and paying her back for her infamy.

OBITUARY.

MRS. BRIDGET O'MALLEY.

On Friday night of last week Mrs. Bridget O'Malley, an old settler in Chicago, died at her residence, No. 86 Huron street. Mrs. O'Malley was 72 years old and came to Chicago from county Mayo, Ireland, in 1852. Three sons and three daughters, all living in Chicago, are left by Mrs. O'Malley. They are State Senator John F. O'Malley, Marshal O'Malley of the Fire Department, and Sergt. Martin O'Malley of the West Chicago Avenue Station. Mrs. Thomas Bourke, Mrs. Mallin, and Mrs. McCormick, widow of the late Ald. McCormick. Mrs. O'Malley was a fine old lady, loved and respected by all who knew her. The funeral occurred on Monday morning from the house to the Holy Name Cathedral, thence by carriages to Calvary.

FUNERAL OF MICHAEL EVANS.

The funeral of Michael Evans, several times South Town collector, and at one time a prominent factor in Democratic politics in this city, took place Thursday morning of last week, from St. Elizabeth's church. Ex-Justice Meech, Capt. William Buckley, Edward Phillips, Patrick O'Brien, Noyes L. Thompson, M. C. Hickey, J. J. McGrath, and John McNally acted as pallbearers. Mr. Evans, who held office in the Government Building, died suddenly on Tuesday night week, at the age of 65 years. He was a man of very genial disposition, and had hosts of friends. The funeral was very large, and was attended by a great many prominent citizens.

MR. PATRICK CARROLL.

Mr. Patrick Carroll, ex-county commissioner, and a man well known to most of the older residents of the city, died, after an illness of two weeks, at his residence, No. 681 West Fourteenth street, last Sunday, in the 68th year of his age. He was born at Ballineety, county Limerick, and came to America, settling early in Chicago, when a very young man. He was three times elected county commissioner, and did not lose his interest in public matters even when he no longer participated actively in politics. Mr. Carroll was a warm hearted man, of very pleasant manners, and his death is sincerely regretted by his friends and neighbors. His wife and several children, all of whom have reached maturity, survive him. The funeral occurred on Wednesday from the ressidence to St. Charles' church, thence to Calvary cemetery by carriages. It was very largely attended.

MRS. PHILIP MAHER.

Mrs. Isabella Maher, wife of Mr. Philip Maher, a well known South Side merchant, died at her home on Indiana avenue last Monday. She had been suffering from a complication of diseases for some time, and had been operated on by eminent surgeons. Finally, she imagined herself so far recovered as to be able to travel, and started, with some of her children, for a visit to Canada. Her journey was cut short by a return of her ailments, and she returned home only to die. She leaves, besides her husband, a large family to mourn her loss. Mrs. Maher was a most exemplary lady, and will be greatly missed in social and benevolent circles. The funeral services were held at St. James' church, where high mass of requiem was offered up, on Wednesday morning. The interment was at Calvary.

THE PRESENT DUTY

Of Every Good Citizen.

Is to inspect the work upon the Drainage Canal, thirteen miles of which lying along the Chicago & Alton Railroad, between Summit and Lemont, has reached a point when inspection has become intensely interesting, instructive and exceedingly pleasurable. The visitor can see in active operation hydraulic dredges, steam shovels, steam hoists, steam drills, channeling machines, high-power derricks, cantilever conveyors and innumerable mechanical devices for rapid and economical excavation. The work is pronounced by experts to be more interesting than the construction of the Suez or Panama Canals. It is as large and expensive an undertaking as the building of the World's Fair.

The Chicago & Alton Railroad sells low rate round trip excursion tickets, from Chicago to all points on its line as far south as Lemont, every Saturday and Sunday. The territory thus covered by the reduced rates embraces the entire length of the most interesting portions of the Drainage Canal, as well as a number of places along the beautiful Desplaines river, particularly suited for family and party picnics, fishing excursions and individual summer outings. For further particulars, tickets, time of trains, etc., call on or address R. Somerville, City Passenger & Ticket Agent, Chicago & Alton Raolroad, 195 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

INDIGNANT MILITIA

Refuse to Eat at the Same Table With "Scabs."

INCIDENT OF THE PULLMAN STRIKE

Company M, First Regiment I. N. G., Walks Out of a Mess Tent Because Now Employes Are Eating There—Troops All Ordered Home from Chicago—Move of the A. R. U.—Railway Managers Charged With Vandalism.

CHICAGO, Aug. 7.—The sensation of the day at Pullman was the refusal of company M, First infantry, I. N. G., to eat at the same tables with non-union workmen. When the company marched up to the big mess tent that stands behind Hotel Florence they were indignant to see two tables filled with non-union employes of the Pullman company. The workmen were part of the new force hired. William Byrnes, member of company M, said: "As volunteer soldiers the men of company M are here to see the laws of Illinois obeyed. I am not aware that it is soldierly, or that discipline compels us to do what we feel is unpatriotic and not worthy of gentlemen."

All the Troops Ordered Home.

"My scruples demand that I shall not associate with 'scabs.' I refuse to sit with them at the same table." There was an outburst of applause from Byrnes' comrades, and Sergeant Cook marched the company across the street and broke ranks. The workmen finally marched out, but the company will not be put in the same position again, as all the state troops were ordered home last night by Governor Altgeld.

Charge the Managers with Vandalism.

The leaders of the A. R. U. here have started in to prove that the railway managers hired men to destroy property during the strike, one purpose being to prevent the companies from obtaining damages from the city. W. E. Burns, an A. R. U. director, said: "It is to our interest to show that the railroads and not the American Railway Union caused the destruction of property, and that they and not we are responsible for the losses sustained. We adopted this policy at the very outset, but we have been handicapped somewhat since the roads learned that we were looking out for them."

Ex-Strikers Applying for Work.

The train yards of the Lake Shore and Wabash Railway companies at Root street were filled with switchmen and engineers who were ready to return to work. Few of them were reinstated, their places having been taken during the strike by new men. About 2,000 men who applied for work at the stock yards were sent away without receiving it. The switchmen's association took charge of the switch engines in use about the yards and the old men were placed over the new ones to give them instructions.

Pullman Striker Arrested.

Secretary John F. Berry, of the Pullman strikers' central committee, was arrested last night, charged with obstructing the mails in the late riots. Other Pullman leaders may be arrested today.

STRIKERS AT OMAHA BEATEN.

They Declare Their Wages Averaged but 75 to 80 Cents a Day.

OMAHA, Aug. 7.—The 1,500 men who struck at the South Omaha packing plants last week have lost and the plants are running as usual with full complements of men. The packers were unanimous in stating that they had no differences to arbitrate and that they would have as many men as they needed by tomorrow. Adjutant General Gage is on the ground and should any disturbance occur the Omaha guards and Thurston Rifles will be there in a few minutes. It is thought the men except the butchers will declare the strike off today. The executive committee of the strikers has issued a statement declaring that the men are paid by the hour and only made from three to eight hours a day, averaging but 75 or 80 cents a day per man.

Stopped at the County Line.

SPRING VALLEY, Ills., Aug. 7.—Two hundred miners left this city to attend a mass meeting at La Salle, but were stopped at the county line by Sheriff Taylor and his deputies. It was the intention of these miners to meet in La Salle with the miners from across the river in mass meeting and try to induce the 200 La Salle miners who have gone to work to stay away from the mines pending a final settlement of the strike. In case the miners here agree to accept the Columbus scale another obstacle will likely come up that will prevent the resumption of work for a few weeks. It is the purpose of the company to reduce the wages of the mule drivers from $1.90 to $1.60, but the drivers will resist any cut.

Voted to Reduce Wages.

FALL RIVER, Mass., Aug. 7.—The Cotton Manufacturers' association, of this city, have voted almost unanimously to reduce wages. The reduction will average from 10 to 12½ per cent., according to the departments in which the 25,000 operatives of this city are employed.

Romanists Mob Salvationists.

QUEBEC, Aug. 7.—A French-Canadian Roman Catholic mob drove a contingent of Salvationists out of St. Roches ward, where they were endeavoring to open a station with the object of converting Catholics. Many people were injured by flying stones, but none fatally, so far as is known.

Fatal Accident to a Street Car.

CHICAGO, Aug. 7.—A freight train on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul road struck a North avenue street car at the Fortieth street crossing and the following were injured: Mrs. Mary Rainier, fatally; Peter Hanson, seriously; Conductor S. Larson and Driver Miller, slightly.

Nicaragua Takes Bluefields.

NEW YORK, Aug. 7.—A World dispatch from Costa Rica says: Chief Clarence has retired from Bluefields and General Cabezas, the Nicaraguan commissioner, has taken possession. Little resistance was offered by the Mosquito Indians. Seven were killed in a skirmish.

Fought to a Deadly Finish.

SIOUX CITY, Ia., Aug. 7.—At Rolf, Ia., Herman Barnes and Joseph Wiley, two farmers, had a quarrel and agreed to fight to a finish. The battle was a bloody affair, and Barnes was badly hurt and died later of his injuries. Wiley was arrested on a charge of murder.

Down in the Earth 4,200 Feet.

HOUGHTON, Mich., Aug. 7.—The Tamarack Mining company's No. 3 shaft reached the Calumet and Hecklа conglomerate vein at a depth of over 4,200 feet, the deepest point sunk by any mine in the world.

WOULD FIGHT FOR THE JAPS.

Slavs in the Coke Region Want to go a-Soldiering in Corea.

CONNELLSVILLE, Pa., Aug. 7.—Valentine Nowacki, the leader of the foreign forces of the coke strikers, proposes to make an offer to the Japanese government to furnish 5,000 soldiers for use in their war against China. The Slavs have been trying for some time to find a place to go and leave the coke region. Nowacki will confer at once with the Japanese legation at Washington. He is a soldier and so it is claimed is every adult foreign coke striker in the region.

Their marching and camping of the last three months has made them enthusiastic to once more carry gun and sabre. Since war was declared between China and Japan Nowacki has had lieutenants in all parts of the region feeling the pulse of his countrymen in regard to offering their services to Japan in the way of five regiments.

CLAIMS HIGH CONNECTION.

A Young Woman Who Attempted to Commit Suicide at Pittsburg.

PITTSBURG, Aug. 7.—A young woman who refuses to give her real name, but who claims to be a niece of a United States supreme court justice, attempted suicide here by taking chloroform in a large wholesale shoe house of this city. She took the chloroform in the presence of a member of the firm, alleging that he had coaxed her to come here from New York and then deserted her. The story is denied by the gentleman involved, who declares it to be a case of blackmail.

Alabama Goes Democratic.

MONTGOMERY, Ala., Aug. 7.—So far as returns are received the Democrats have gained in nearly every county heard from. Kolb's big gain is in Jefferson county, but the Democrats claim that county. Chairman Tompkins, of the Democratic committee, says the returns come up to returns sent in prior to the election. Oates and the Democratic ticket are safely elected with a good majority in the legislature.

Late returns give Kolb 15,000 to 18,000 majority in the northern part of the state and Oates from 35,000 to 40,000 in the southern part. The Democrats claim 25,000 majority in the state with a majority of ten in the legislature.

Strikers Plead Guilty.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Aug. 7.—William Hogan, a striking Illinois Central employe of Cairo, and John Moore, a Wabash striker of Decatur, pleaded guilty in the United States court here to contempt of court in assaulting a switchman, and were committed in default of fines of $25 and $50 respectively. Sam Simonds, of Murphysboro, entered a similar plea for interfering with the working of the mine of the St. Louis Ore and Steel company, and was committed in default of a fine of $25. Frank Van Deusen, an Illinois Central striker of Cairo, pleaded guilty to interfering with the mails, and was committed in default of $25 fine.

Isaac Got Tired of the Game.

CINCINNATI, Aug. 7.—George M. Holmes has a son William, 18 years old, both members of the Salvation Army. The two agreed that the example of Abraham sacrificing Isaac should be imitated, only starvation instead of the knife should be the means. The son was saved, however—not by the intervention of a ram, as in the case of Isaac, but at the point of a revolver, with which the son, after fasting sixty hours, compelled the father to feed him well at a Vine street restaurant.

Half a Dozen Fires at St. Paul.

ST. PAUL, Aug. 7.—During the afternoon and evening yesterday not less than a half a dozen fires occurred in this city, three alarms last night coming from the heart of the city. The worst blaze resulted in the destruction of the Great Northern trestle, tracks and some cars—loss $30,000; sheds and fuel of the Northwestern Fuel company, St. Paul Ice company's icehouse and a city bridge, bringing the total loss to $50,000. The other fires cost about $10,000.

Appeal for Drought-Stricken Farmers.

OMAHA, Aug. 7.—An appeal for the drought-stricken portion of Nebraska, signed by a committee claiming to represent large interests, has been sent to the governor. The committee has just returned from an extended visit through the section through which the hot winds destroyed crops. The committee has reason to believe that thousands of families will "either starve, emigrate, or be fed by charity unless the people as a whole provide for them."

Arrested for Dynamite Work.

MISSOULA, Mont., Aug. 7.—Sheriff Ramsey has arrested Charles Flynn, Robert Steele and Fred Nichols, believed to have been implicated in an attempt to dynamite the passenger train near this city on the morning of July 17. The former was a fireman on this division. All were prominent members of the A. R. U. during the recent strike. The authorities claim to have sufficient direct as well as circumstantial evidence to bring about a conviction.

Diphtheretic Bacilli in Cheese.

NEW YORK, Aug. 7.—The board of health bacteriologists have progressed far enough in their examination of fifty-two cheeses seized recently to say that the cheese possesses evidence of diphtheretic bacilli. The bacteriologists have secured six guinea-pigs and will feed the cheese to them and watch the effects. A child of the farmer who made the cheese had diphtheria.

Wiped Out Three Score Houses.

CHICAGO, Aug. 7.—A panic was created yesterday afternoon by fire which broke out in a row of tenement houses at West Fortieth and Ohio streets, 100 families tumbling over each other in a wild scramble to save their effects. Sixty houses were destroyed, but the loss was only $10,000. No one was injured.

More Trouble Brewing for Brazil.

NEW YORK, Aug. 7.—A World dispatch from Rio de Janeiro says: President Peixoto is adopting every means to maintain himself in the presidency. It is believed that he will eventually arrest President-elect Moraes, and that he expects the military to back him. Peixoto openly defies congress.

Boom on at Niles, O.

NILES, Aug. 7.—The resumption of work at the Coleman-Shields company's mills not only absorbed all the idle men locally, but many came from adjacent towns and found work. Hotels and boarding-houses are full and the town is having an old-fashioned boom.

STRIKE DECLARED OFF

ON ALL BUT TWO OF THE RAILWAYS IN CHICAGO.

Fight Still To Be Kept Up on the Santa Fe and C. and E. I.—Pullman Also Left in Trouble—Debs Leaves for Terre Haute and Makes Some Disclaimers.

CHICAGO, Aug. 7.—With the exception of the unions on the Santa Fe and Chicago and Eastern Illinois railroads the local organizations of the American Railway union, through their delegates in Uhlich's hall, declared the strike off so far as Chicago is concerned. This action will not necessarily affect the condition of the strike at other points, the unions of those places being free to take whatever action they may deem fit. In Chicago the strike on the Santa Fe and Chicago and Eastern Illinois still remains in full force, and the delegates were unanimous in the opinion that the union would yet be successful in the fight against these two roads. A proposition to declare the fight at an end on these two systems was made the same as on the other lines, but it met with a storm of protests from the men who had gone out on the roads and who declared their confidence in their ability to bring the two managements to terms.

Men Free to Return to Work.

The official order of the meeting was then conveyed to the local unions, which held special meetings, and was by them ratified. The order has gone into effect and the men are free to apply for their old positions or seek employment on other lines. It was the opinion among the men that no ops, excepting, perhaps, those who are said to be marked, would have any trouble in finding employment, as it was claimed that during the whole trouble the railroads have been unable to secure the proper material to carry on business, and that they will be only too glad to get experienced help. The men feel certain, however, that some of their number who have been prominently identified with the strike will not be given work, and arrangements have been made to care for these until they do find places.

Pullman Strikers Not Represented.

There were twenty-four local unions represented in the meeting, this number being nearly all in the city, and every road in the city was fully represented by the men in the various departments. There was no representative of the Pullman strikers at the meeting, and the subject of the original cause for the great railroad strike was not discussed.

The decision to declare the strike off was in harmony with the action of the convention on Friday, which declared it had no authority either to order a strike or declare one off that had been ordered under the laws of the organization, which specially say that no strike shall be ordered excepting by a majority vote of the members of the union on the system on which the strike is to take place. With the adjournment of the convention the management of the strike passed out of the hands of the national officers and into the hands of the union under local self-government.

Debs Leaves Chicago.

While the meeting was in session in Uhlich's hall President Debs was busy packing up his personal effects and getting ready for his departure to Terre Haute. He did not attend the meeting, and it is said that there were but few present who knew at what time he intended to leave. Mr. Debs did not desire a demonstration, and it was for this reason that he did not attend the meeting. He was accompanied to the Dearborn depot by the officers of the union who remained in Chicago and was accompanied to his home by his brother Theodore. President Debs will remain at home for about a week, when he will return to Chicago on his way to New York, where he will deliver a lecture in Cooper institute. After a week's sojourn in the metropolis he will come to Chicago in time for his trial in September.

Denied the Report.

Before his departure Mr. Debs denied the report that he had gone into politics with Mayor Hopkins or any one else. He said he had met the mayor but twice and that he had not spoken to him about politics on either occasion. He also said that he was not a candidate for any office and that he would not accept a nomination under any circumstances. The striking employes of the Stock Yards company have decided to return to work. All day men were waiting on Superintendent Fitzgerald of the Transfer associating and applying for positions. The meeting also decided to expel from the union all those who went back before the strike had been declared off.

Strikers Held to Grand Jury.

Henry Bowman and Larry Burns, who were arrested, the former at Pullman and the later near Riverdale, on a charge of having participated in the attack on a mail train at Riverdale on the night of June 30, had a hearing before Commissioner Hoyne and were held to the federal grand jury. Robert Green and W. S. Spencer, both of Logansport, Ind., who were respectively the engineer and fireman of the train, swore positively that Bowman and Burns led the mob which stopped the train and detached the Pullman sleeper and dining car. H. W. Levell, conductor of the dining car, also identified the men.

DEADLY FOLDING BED.

Kansas Man and Wife Get Caught and the Man Dies.

ARKANSAS CITY, Aug. 7.—Dewitt McDowell, a prominent business man, and his wife, were imprisoned in their folding bed at night, caused by its accidentally closing up. They were extricated with difficulty after being in their perilous position for several hours. McDowell has died from the injuries received and his wife is seriously hurt.

Fire at Portland, Ore.

PORTLAND, Aug. 8.—Fire broke out in the rear end of Herman Metzger's woolen and hide depot on Front street, between Salmon and Main. The building was a frame one and the flames quickly spread to Bissinger & Co.'s wool and hide depot adjoining. Both warehouses were almost totally destroyed, together with their contents. Bissinger & Co. estimate their loss at $35,000, with $25,000 insurance. Metzger loses $15,000, with $6,000 insurance. Robert Brown an employe of Metzger, was badly burned.

Boiler Explosion Causes Four Deaths.

MILAN, Mo., Aug. 8.—By the explosion of a saw-mill boiler ten miles west of this city John West, the engineer, was killed and three others were probably fatally wounded. West's head was blown to atoms and one leg and one arm blown off. Two men named Scott and another whose name is West were so badly scalded that they cannot possibly recover.

BURNED IN THEIR BEDS.

Terrible Fate Which Overtook Three Brother in the Empire State.

SPENCERPORT, N. Y., Aug. 6.—The old house occupied by Cornelius Place and family took fire after the family had retired and three boys, brothers, were burned to death. They were Chester, William, and Cornelius Place, Jr., aged 8, 11, and 13, respectively. The boys were in the upper room, cut off by fire and smoke. They must have been asphyxiated, for no cries were heard and men who raised a ladder to the window got no response to their calls.

Mr. Place and his wife and five small children slept downstairs, and doubtless would have perished had not the neighbors broke down the door and rescued them in their nightclothes. Frank White, a ball player of Rochester distinguished himself by saving four of the five children and Mr. Place.

WILLMAR, Minn., Aug. 6.—The farmhouse of S. O. Ostenson of the town of Dover, about eight miles north of here, was burned to the ground at 2 o'clock in the morning. Mr. Ostenson and four children lost their lives in the flames. Mrs. Ostenson narrowly escaped a similar fate, and is crazed over the awful event. No one knows how the fire originated, but it is supposed that lightning struck the house and a fierce wind fanned the flames.

Locked Their Children In.

PINE BLUFF, Ark., Aug. 6.—News reaches here from Linwood that Peter Willims and his wife left their two children locked in their house while the parents attended church, and upon their return found the house a heap of ashes, with the charred remains of the children therein.

Another Fatal Fire.

MADISON, S. D., Aug. 6.—The large livery barn of C. M. Klotzbach, containing thirty-five horses, fifteen carriages and buggies, harness and the outfit of a first-class stable was burned. The loss is about $8,000; no insurance. Two men sleeping in the office were suffocated and burned to death.

MADE AN ASSIGNMENT.

Collapse of the Gossard Investment Company at Kansas City.

KANSAS CITY, Aug. 6.—Alva H. Gossard, for the Gossard Investment company, filed deeds of assignment for the benefit of creditors. Ex-Postmaster F. B. Noffsinger is named as assignee. The assets are placed at $321,340, and the liabilities at $197,283.

Considerable business was done in New England, where the heaviest losers are located and it is said many parties in the east were caught for big amounts. The company was organized in 1885 with a paid up capital of $100,000, and dealt principally in bonds. The capital stock was subsequently raised up into the hundreds of thousands, but before the company's failure was reduced, at that time being $300,000. Bad loans and stringent times are said to have caused the collapse.

IOWA DEMOCRATS.

Full Ticket Nominated by the State Convention at Des Moines.

DES MOINES, Aug. 2.—The administration of Grover Cleveland has received as full an indorsement as could possibly be asked for from the Democratic state convention of Iowa. The platform adopted without serious, or at least formidable, opposition, gives the administration all the praise that could be injected into a proposition seriously made. It further declares for a gold standard and for the Wilson tariff bill. The ticket nominated is as follows: Secretary of state, H. F. Dale; auditor, John Whitfield; treasurer, L. W. White; supreme judge (long term), John Cleggett; supreme judge (short term), Edward W. Mitchell; attorney general, J. D. F. Smith; railroad commissioner, W. L. Parker; clerk of supreme court, T. R. North; supreme court reporter, J. J. Shea.

Nominated to Congress.

CHICAGO, Aug. 4.—John Z. White was nominated for congress by the Populist convention of the Second district after a protracted and close struggle. His opponent was T. J. Canty, who received 45 votes, Mr. White getting 63.

RALEIGH, N. C., Aug. 4.—The Populist convention nominated W. F. Stroud for congress from the Fourth district.

GREENSBURG, Ind., Aug. 4.—The Republicans of the Fourth Indiana district nominated James Watson of Rushville for congress.

OMAHA, Aug. 4.—The Republicans of the Sixth congressional district nominated Mathew Dougherty for congress on the thirty-sixth ballot.

Failures in Boots and Shoes.

QUINCY, Mass., Aug. 6.—John E. Drake & Co., the leading shoe manufacturers of this place, have assigned. The liabilities are about $30,000 and the assets almost as much. The failure was caused by dull business.

WORCESTER, Mass., Aug. 6.—Henry E. Smith & Co., the largest wholesale dealers in boots and shoes in this city, have assigned. Liabilities are $200,000 and the assets about $240,000. Last year the business of the firm amounted to over $600,000, but it fell off greatly this year, and this, with the failure of several customers, caused the assignment. The outstanding accounts amount to $180,000.

Looks Like Mysterious Murder.

FINDLAY, O., Aug. 6.—Mrs. John H. Oman, wife of an Eagle township farmer, was found dead in bed. Her throat was cut from ear to ear with a razor, which was found behind the bed. She had the cover pulled up to her chin and her hands were folded across her breast. Her husband had been absent for a day and no one was about the place. It was at first thought she had committed suicide because of the loss of her son and an accident to her husband, but later evidence appears to indicate a murder under most mysterious circumstances.

Santo To Be Guillotined.

LYONS, Aug. 3.—Santo Geronimo Caserio has been sentenced to death. As the sentence was pronounced he tottered, and with a weak voice said: "Vive social revolution." Then in a louder voice he shouted: "Courage, comrades; vive anarchie." The date of the execution of the sentence was not set, but it is not likely that it will be long delayed. He will die by the guillotine.

Chinese Defeated Again.

SHANGHAI, Aug. 6.—A dispatch has been received here which confirms the report that a second battle has been fought at Yashan between the Chinese and Japanese. It is added that the Chinese were defeated.

ILLINOIS NEWS NOTES.

TELEGRAPHIC REPORTS OF EVENTS IN THE STATE.

Subjects Handled Which Will Be of Interest to Our Own Readers—Items Gathered from All Over the Prairie State and Given in Brief Form.

BLOOMINGTON, Ills., Aug. 6.—In regard to the fact that the auditor has ordered the attorney general to institute a suit against the Illinois Building and Loan association of Bloomington the attorney of the association says that the only difficulty is a difference of opinion between the auditor and the association as to the right to collect from the stockholders a fund to pay the expenses. There is no shortage of $82,000 or any other sum in the Chicago agency as alleged. The association may, however, lose something in Chicago business through business depression and depreciation in property values. The attorney general favors the view of the association as to expense fund.

WAYLAID AND MURDERED HIM.

The Way One Brother Ended Trouble with Another in Illinois.

GALENA, Ills., Aug. 7.—George Richardson, a prominent farmer of Newdiggings, Wis., was waylaid and murdered while riding home from Galena, by his brother Mark. There had been ill feeling between the brothers for years, and they were engaged in a great deal of litigation about their father's estate. Last week Mark Richardson's grain yard was burned by an incendiary fire, and he attributed the deed to his brother. He left his home later to meet his brother on the road, and shot him dead when he approached. The murderer then went to Benton and surrendered himself and was taken to Darlington jail.

Wasting Away in His Cell.

MASCOUTAH, Ills., Aug. 7.—The attorneys for Gustave Menkhausen, the ex-policeman under sentence of death for wife murder, have petitioned the county board of supervisors to have the prisoner removed from the solitary cage in which he is confined. It is claimed the prisoner is wasting away in his steel cage and will not live until the time set for the execution in October. The supervisors decline to interfere. Menkhausen was denied a new trial and the case has been taken to the supreme court. He was convicted of administering poison to his wife in a glass of beer. The evidence was circumstantial.

Illinois Republican Committee.

CHICAGO, Aug. 2.—The state central committee of the Republicans of Illinois met yesterday at the Grand Pacific hotel to choose a chairman and was fully attended. The struggle for the chairmanship was between the friends of Cullom for United States senator on one side and those of William E. Mason and Willits on the other. It was understood that Isaac C. Edwards, of Peoria, was the anti-Cullom candidate, but he drew out and John R. Tanner was chosen chairman by acclamation.

Costly Fire at Farmer City, Ills.

CLINTON, Aug. 6.—Fire broke out in the farmers' livery stable at Farmer City which, with several other buildings, was burned—Weedman's butcher shop, Weedman's National bank, White's saloon, Chrisholm's grocery, Commercial hotel, Journal printing office, Gould & Young's large brick building, in which was the opera house. The bank had fire proof vaults so that its loss is not large. The total will be near $75,000; amount of insurance not known at this time.

Running Revolver Fight.

DECATUR, Ills., Aug. 6.—On one of the most public streets of this city there was a running revolver fight between Deputy Sheriff Sam Holmes and Ames Lash of Cisco. As a result Carlton Shidler, a bystander, is shot through through the neck and perhaps fatally wounded, and Lash is in jail shot through the left ankle and index finger of the right hand. The trouble all came when Holmes arrested Lash and the latter ran away and fired on the officer.

Terribly Fatal Boiler Explosion.

DAHLGREN, Ills., Aug. 3.—The boiler of a thresher engine exploded on a farm two miles east of this place, resulting in the instant death of three persons, the serious and probably fatal injury of two, and slight injuries to several others. The killed are—Bruce Miller, engineer; two boys about 10 or 12 years of age, the sons of John Underwood. The seriously injured are—William Cremeens and Elmer Hook.

Suit Against Saloon Keepers.

CANTON, Ills., Aug. 3.—Mrs. Ella Miller has commenced suit for $10,000 damages against William Hanlon and Anderson & Doyle, saloon keepers of this city. Mrs. Miller's husband was killed by being run over by a train while he was intoxicated, and the widow claims that he bought his liquor of the two saloon keepers she has commenced suit against.

Head Severed from His Body.

JERSEYVILLE, Ills., Aug. 3.—While plowing stubble in a field near Delhi the team became frightened and ran away. The driver, a 12-year-old son of John Rue was thrown from the sulky. The roller passed over the boy's neck, completely severing his head from the body.

Went Through a Bridge.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Aug. 6.—A thrashing machine engine went through a covered bridge six miles east of this city. William Denelin and Charles E. Hudson, both of Illiopolis were crushed to death.

State Items.

Robert Cooney, a farmer living one mile west of Pekin, Ills., was killed by his team running away.

The miners at Minonk, Ills., will go to work at 75 cents for summer and 82½ cents for winter work.

George Klauss, who has lived in Milstadt, Ills., for fifty years and has voted at every election during that time, has surprised the county officers by applying for naturalization papers.

Mrs. John McCammond of New Milford, Ills., was thrown from a carriage and instantly killed. Mrs. Ira Davis and daughter were badly injured.

George C. Cummings, residing near Honey Bend, Ills., was found dead near the Wabash railroad tracks. It is supposed that he was killed by the cars.

Major John C. Grierson died in his residence at Jacksonville, Ills. He was a brother of the famous cavalry general who made the noted raid through the south and was himself a gallant soldier.

E. W. Owen of Paris, Ills., is sick with smallpox, said to have been contracted while doing military duty at Chicago.

CONDENSED NEWS.

History of the Week Given in Brief Paragraphs.

Seventy-five cans of opium were found by custom house officers on the coasting steamer City of Pueblo at Tacoma, Wash.

Thomas Evans, a negro, killed his wife and himself at Louisville, Ky.

The San Francisco market is so glutted with fruit that peaches are selling for 10 cents a basket.

Curtis Bayson, one of the men who robbed a 'Frisco train at Redfork, I. T., a week ago, has been arrested.

Albert Bloomfield, a Baltimore and Ohio conductor, was killed by the cars at Garrett, Ind.

Neighbors in Panules county, Neb., quarreled over hogs running loose. As a result James Abbott and Charles Schultz are dead, and Schultz's two sons, Frank and Charles, are wounded.

Thomas Stinson, arrested at Tipton, Ind., on the charge of bigamy, was given a preliminary examination and bound over to await the action of the grand jury.

* * *

Edward Canuff has been arrested at Morden, Man., charged with the murder of Samuel Laird, a fellow workman on the farm of Henry Van Alstein.

Captain W. G. Randolph, treasurer of East Baton Rough parish, La., shot in a barroom duel by Dr. King Holt, died later.

Word has been received at London of the safe arrival at Archangel of the steamer Windward with the Jackson polar expedition on board.

E. W. Burr of San Francisco, the originator and founder of the savings and loan system in California, has just died at the age of 83.

A. L. Lane's drug store was closed at Lebanon, Ind., by his creditors. The liabilities will reach $10,000.

General William Booth, head of the Salvation Army, is expected to arrive in New York on Oct. 20, and the first grand jubilee in his honor will be held on Oct. 23 in Madison Square garden.

* * *

Josiah Hoover of Red Falls, Wis., who killed his cousin, Charles Hoover, in May, 1893, was sentenced at Menominee to five years' imprisonment.

The supreme court of the Templars of Honor and Temperance met at St. Johns, N. B., with delegates present from all over the United States and the maritime provinces.

The supervisors at Chippewa Falls, Wis., decided to build a new asylum for insane to cost $65,000.

Ten thousand persons attended Modern Woodmen's picnic at Litchfield, Ills.

Sol P. Barbour, a prominent Oklahoma politician, was killed by lightning at Perry.

The Catholic Young Men's National Union, in convention at Pittsburg, decided to hold the next convention in St. Louis.

Douglass Tilden, the famous deaf and dumb sculptor, has returned to his California home from an extended stay in Paris.

* * *

The estimated gross earnings of the entire system of the Chicago, Rock Island Pacific Railway company both east and west of the Missouri river for July, 1894, are $1,018,436, a decrease as compared with estimated earnings July, 1893, of $328,678.

Miss Dhanbai Fardonjer Banajee, aged 18 years, of Bombay, is the first woman to go from India to Paris for art study. She has succeeded in having one of her pictures hung in the Paris salon.

Jabez Balfour, the much-wanted fugitive ex-member of parliament, has been surrendered by the Argentine authorities to the representatives of the British government.

Two members of the Cook gang of desperadoes, Henry Munson and Tom Gordon, were shot down by a posse near Sopulpa, I. T. Munson was instantly killed.

Suits at Madison, Wis., to recover interest money from ex-Treasurers Baetz and Kuehn have been decided in favor of the state.

The discussion of the evicted tenants' bill in committee of the house of common has been concluded, and the report stage has been fixed for Monday.

Rev. G. M. Davidson, who has been the pastor of the Swedenborgian church of Riverhead, L. I., for some time, has been received into the Episcopal church, with the view, it is said, of entering the ministry.

* * *

Contracts were let at Freeport, Ills., for the building of a waterworks system and poorhouse.

Thieves entered H. B. Wash's store at Bowen, Ills., and stole valuable clothing.

H. M. Bates, a sand dealer of Chattanooga, Tenn., has disappeared, and, it is believed, has been killed.

Fire is raging in the big marsh near Valparaiso, Ind.

Garret Irving, an old farmer near Hastings, Neb., became despondent over the crop situation and shot himself.

There is much consternation among the lovers of bull fighting in Spain because Guerrita, the only remaining great fighter, has declared his unalterable decision to retire from the ring.

The Colorado state veterinary and sanitary board has issued a quarantine against New Mexico and Texas sheep.

G. L. Ferris, proprietor of one of the largest retail hardware stores in central Missouri, has assigned.

Fritz Baumer, a German, was slugged by footpads at Omaha and robbed of $3 in cash and a gold watch. Fifty dollars in his shoe was not touched.

It Is Not What We Say But What Hood's Sarsaparilla Does

That Tells the Story. Its record is unequalled in the history of medicine. Even when other preparations fail,

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Be Sure to Get Hood's.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable. 25c.

MODEL TOWN MISERY

NELLIE BLY'S VISIT TO THE STARVING PEOPLE AT PULLMAN.

Talks With the Wives and Mothers Whose Children Were Suffering the Pangs of Hunger—Rent Extracted and Nothing Left For Bread—The Old Timer's Story.

I laugh and I cry at Pullman.

I seem to have lost some sort of a balancing sense which makes me take things reasonably. I feel as if the women in Pullman had sat down hungry upon their doorsteps to wait for a millionaire's money to vanish.

I am so lost in all I hear and see that I fancy sometimes it is a horrid dream and that I wake up in the morning wondering what I ate the night before. Then I shake myself and say this is all true. This is America, the land of the free, and I stand amazed.

As I was walking through a street in Pullman I noticed a woman sitting despondently upon the top step of a flight that led to the door of a very miserable tenement. The woman had such a good, honest face, a face so evidently belonging to an American country woman, that I felt some interest in knowing why she was living among strikers. She looks as if she should be out milking cows or attending to her churning, instead of drooping on the step of a tenement.

"Good evening," I said to her cheerfully. "How are the people getting along here?"

She looked at me a moment, and her big gray eyes filled with tears, and her lips twitched painfully.

"If being hungry and never able to get enough to eat is getting along, then we are getting along nicely," she replied bitterly.

"That is only lately," I suggested.

"Lately!" sadly. "It has always been so ever since I came here, a year and a half ago."

"Why did you come?" I asked.

"Why?" with a hard laugh. "Because I was a fool. Oh, my God, if I was only back in my old home! I'll never see it again. I've come to Pullman to starve to death." She turned to me, and the tears overflowed and rolled down her cheeks.

"I never knew what it was to be hungry until I came to Pullman—never, never in all my life!" she burst forth hopelessly.

"Have you a husband?"

"Yes. And it is his fault we are here. He had a sister in Chicago he hadn't seen in 23 years, and just before the World's fair he found her, and nothing would do him but that we come to see her. She wrote to him to come to stay and said he could get work in Pullman, where he could earn $2 and $3 a day for eight hours' work.

"After that," she continued sadly, "nothing would satisfy him. Sleeping and walking, the thought of Pullman and $2 or $3 a day was on his mind. He would give me no rest, and so at last, like a fool, I yielded, and we sold off everything and even had to mortgage my sewing machine to get to Chicago. Then, his sister is a widow and couldn't do anything for him, and so we came to Pullman. He got work in the lumber yard and at first got $1.20 a day, but he did not have steady work, and soon the pay was reduced until at last he only got 90 cents for eight hours' work.

"We have three children, all little girls, and you can know we didn't have much to eat. When he did work, his pay was kept for rent. You should see my home. Three little rooms in the rear on the third floor for $8.60, the 60 cents for a water tax, if you please.

"If I could only get home, but I'll never be able to," she wept. "We can't get out of debt to George Pullman, and if we did we haven't anything left to take us back. We sold all our furniture to bring us here, and we haven't been able to buy any since we came. Buy furniture? We haven't been able to buy bread.

"Why, do you know," she added suddenly, "I never believed before I left home that people ever starved. Sometimes we read about such things in the papers, but my father said it couldn't be true; that American people wouldn't let any one go hungry. I know it now to my sorrow. I'm hungry, and my little girls cry for bread. If father knew it, it would break his heart."

Her voice broke, and she cried in spite of herself, and her little girl huddled down by her side and slipped her hand through her mother's arm.

"I've only got 2 cents in the world; that is the honest truth. Only 2 cents, and I'm saving that so that if I starve or if my husband starves the one that is left can send a letter to his sister and ask her to tell my father."

Attracted by the sound of voices, two more women came out and huddled down upon the doorsill, watching me wonderingly. A man in his shirt sleeves came around the corner and sat down on the edge of a step. A half dozen children gathered around and watched me with wide, questioning eyes.

"You don't know who this lady is. Maybe she's a 'spotter,'" one woman said, and the woman who had been talking to me laughed indifferently.

"I don't care what she is. I've only told her the truth. I never was hungry in all my life until I came to Pullman, and I've been hungry ever since I've been here. Let her be a 'spotter.' I've only said what I would say to George Pullman if he was here. But he won't come. He can give $100,000 to a museum, but he would not give a dollar to a starving workman."

"Out home," she went on, "my husband worked on a celery farm. He got his $1.50 a day, rain or shine, and we did not know what unhappiness was. Here we are just as if we were in prison. If he had no work, we were hungry, and if he had work and earned a dollar George Pullman kept it for rent, and we went hungry just the same. And it didn't matter if the month's rent was paid and we needed food. He had to have the next month in advance, and we could go hungry until that was paid. And by the time that was paid he was laid off work because work was slack, and so we are still hungry."

"We have not been as hungry since the strike as we were when I was working," said the man in his shirt sleeves on the edge of the step. The thin faced woman huddling on the doorsill and nursing a pale, sickly looking child smiled shamefacedly at this and looked at me as if she hoped I wouldn't tell. She was the man's wife.

"What made your suffering? Were you a newcomer?" I asked.

"No. I've been here almost since the first. I used to get big wages, and we lived in a big house. But even then I couldn't save much, for, you see, I had a large family."

"What work did you do?" I asked the man.

"I worked in the foundry," he said. "We have been reduced from $2.75 to $1.60 per day since last August. For months we've had no work, and I lived on the little I had saved, but of course I could not stand the high rents, and I've come down to four small rooms on the second floor in this tenement. I pay $9.60 a month for the rooms."

"Why do you suppose your wages were reduced so much? Did Mr. Pullman get less for the work you did?"

"No, he had no reduction in his selling prices. That's where the wrong came in. He was selling for as much as he had before the reduction, and there was no reason to reduce us. But still there'd have been no kick if he had reduced the rents when he reduced the pay."

The man stopped suddenly, and pointing to a man sitting beneath a tree reading and at the same time watching a child toddling around at play said dryly: "If you want to know more about the way men have been treated by Pullman, you want to talk to that man. He can tell you."

"I should certainly be pleased to talk with him," I replied, and half a dozen children scampered off to get the man.

He rose slowly and came wonderingly toward me. They all explained in a breath that I wanted to know about the reductions. He looked at me with great honest dog eyes and smiled faintly, but fearlessly.

"I don't mind telling you," he said in a slow, gentlemanly way, his doglike eyes looking mildly but steadily at me. "It's no harm to tell the truth, and Mr. Pullman can't hurt us any more. We are beyond suffering any more than we have. I can tell you all you want to know about Pullman. You see, I've lived here a good many years. Why, when I came 'twasn't much more than a swamp, all of Pullman. Why, one man I know helped to unload lumber to build some of the mills, and he had to wear rubber boots up to his thighs. But it ain't much like that now. You see, it's solid land clear out to the lake, and they're always dumping in the land, making more land every year."

"Then you have seen the days of big wages in Pullman?" I observed.

"Oh, yes. I work in the freight department, and up until—well, it's nigh three years now—I could make my $36 every two weeks. Well, the work we got $36.75 for two years ago we got before the strike $19.50. It was the very same work, and Mr. Pullman got as much for it as he did three years ago. We call it the freight department, but it's really building refrigerator cars.

"Of course," he resumed in his slow, thoughtful way, "we all knew what Mr. Pullman got for the cars. We knew it was as much as he ever got, and it made the men grumble and get dissatisfied. They couldn't see why they should be 'cut' when Mr. Pullman was making just the same. It didn't seem honest and fair. And such a big cut too. You see, it was hard on us. Most of us have big families, and the rents are pretty steep, and we felt it was hard to do just as much work as we used to for less than half pay. Still if Mr. Pullman had come down in the rents I don't believe the men would have kicked much. There would not have been a strike if rents had been reduced.

"Of course," he went on in his slow way, "we knew, though Mr. Pullman got just as much for the cars, that times were slack, and he hadn't so many orders coming in, and we were ready to submit to reductions if he lowered the rent so we could live. Where I used to make $36 in two weeks I thought myself lucky if I could make $15 in two weeks. Many times after my rent was taken out of my pay I had a check for 32 and 44 cents to bring home to the old woman to feed herself and nine children for two weeks. 'Twasn't no use to beg to be let keep some out. I've told them my children needed food, and I wasn't any too strong myself for work, 'cause my stomach had an empty ache so often, but it didn't matter to them—they kept the money. Why, they've been after us all since the strike. They come around and want to know when we're going to pay."

"I used to rent one of the expensive houses, but I've got so poor I can't pay for their cheapest. We're living in three rooms. Rather close quarters for such a large family, but the rent, $9.60, looks pretty big, I can tell you."

"Do you expect to win the strike?" I asked.

"If we don't, I'll take a child on my back and put one on the old woman's back, and hand in hand we'll start across the prairie until we find a tree, and there we'll camp. We haven't anything left in the world to take with us but our hungry children," was the sad and hopeless answer.

"Why will you do that?" I asked.

"Because I can't make a living here at the old prices, even if the shops start up, and I'd rather starve on the prairie than on George Pullman's land. Starving under a tree won't be so hard as starving in this tenement house in company with 12 starving families."—Nellie Bly in New York World.

DUKE OF PULLMAN.

COMMENTS UPON THE METHODS OF THE SLEEPING CAR AUTOCRAT.

So Outrageous Is This Man's Manner of Treating His Employees and the Public That the Plutocratic Press Gives Him a Roasting.

If Mr. Pullman's course has been at all points so absolutely fair as he asks us in his public statement to believe, why was he unwilling to submit it to the judgment of impartial men? If he has so conclusive a case against every demand and every complaint, he would have been absolutely sure of a judgment in his favor. Why did he evade the issue? If he was willing to exhibit his books to his workmen in proof of his statements, why was he unwilling to exhibit them to men who were able to understand what their figures meant?—New York World.

Mr. Pullman of itinerant lodging house notoriety had a talk with his employees just before they quit work, in which he explained to them what sacrifices he had made to provide work for them. He had underbidden all his competitors in the open market, and he expected them to work at rates of wages which would at least save him from loss. Mr. Pullman did not seem to realize that he was aiding to carry out the plan to reduce wages which his employees were directly opposed to. Having underbidden all competitors for contracts, he then proposed to make wages conform to the terms of the contract.—San Francisco Call.

George M. Pullman kindly volunteers to take the American people into his confidence by assuring them that there is not a dollar of water in the $36,000,000 of Pullman company stock. If Mr. Pullman would kindly inform the country how much of that unwatered stock has found its way into the pockets of railway managers as a gift in consideration of their influence with the companies with whom the Pullman company has made contracts, the country might more fully understand the extraordinary increase in the capitalization of his octopus and the facility for floating the stock and making it pay heavy dividends.—Omaha Bee.

No man with a spark of courage—moral or physical—will raise an issue and then run away and leave others to fight it out. The spectacle of George M. Pullman sneaking out of Chicago and throwing the burden and danger of his folly upon his understrappers is disgusting and pitiful. He sits in his comfortable villa at Elberon discussing the situation with the gravity and wisdom of Bottom, the weaver, while his clerks and subordinates in the Pullman building mount their stools under the protection of United States troops camped on the lake front. That is Pullmanism—paternalism and philanthropy—up to date.—Chicago Herald.

The claim of Mr. Pullman that his men had the privilege of going outside the town to live if they could find cheaper rents is being answered by the claim of the men that it had come to be very clearly understood among them from experience that this refusal to patronize the company houses, etc., endangered their chances of further employment. If all this be true, we cannot, of course, wonder that Mr. Pullman refuses to give an arbitration committee a public run over these affairs of his.—Springfield Republican.

When a state legislature suggests that the price of upper berths is too high, Mr. Pullman explains that his company makes not a dollar out of its sleeping car business; that all the profit comes from car building. When his workmen protest against a reduction in wages, he explains that he is building cars for less than cost and couldn't live if it were not for his traveling lodging houses.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

When the people understand the facts, unless we are misinformed, they will appreciate the reason for the refusal to submit questions between the company and its employees to arbitration or investigation. Mr. Pullman simply dare not have the matter ventilated, for the inevitable result would be to uncover the stupendous imposition on the public which he has practiced for years.—Milwaukee Journal.

Life was being sacrificed, property was being destroyed, and the entire business of the country was being threatened with paralysis, and yet Pullman refused to accede to a fair proposition to investigate the question at issue between him and his employees. It was for this action, which at the time was little less than a crime, that George M. Pullman and the Pullman company were criticised. Mr. Pullman's action indicated that he did not care what might happen to the city of Chicago or the state of Illinois or the nation at large so long as he was safely out of the trouble.—New York Recorder.

A word concerning Mr. Pullman. Recently 125 cars were to be built for one of the railroads in Chicago. Among others the Boston and Liverpool car works in this place made a bid, and though at as low a figure as they could possibly be built and pay the men for their work Mr. Pullman took the job at a much lower rate, cut his men's wages and built the cars. If this is the way he does business, I am not surprised that he has closed his cars against a nation's request to allow a fair settlement of this question. Whether there is a final settlement of these grievances or not the facts will remain, and though Mr. Pullman may harden his heart and try to silence his conscience, if he has any, he shall one day stand before the judgment bar of God, and these wrongs he has committed shall be righted. My convictions are that the pulpit of this country should raise its voice against the stand he has taken and denounce him for his actions.—C. Virden, Pastor Elsdon Methodist Church.

THE SWEATING SYSTEM.

Its Extent In Philadelphia According to the Report of the Labor Bureau.

A. S. Bolles, chief of Pennsylvania's bureau of industrial statistics, has made a synopsis of his report on the sweating system as it exists in Philadelphia.

The persons engaged in making ready made clothing are of various nationalities. At the present time a large number of Russian Jews are employed as well as a considerable number of Americans, but the inquiry showed that nearly all of them are of foreign parentage, whose parents in most cases followed the same pursuit. Two hundred and thirty-seven shops were visited by the agents of the bureau, which are sharply divided into two classes. The shops occupied by the Germans and Americans are of a very different character from those occupied by the Russian Jews. Most of the shops of the former class are very clean and free from criticism. Indeed, considering the small remuneration they receive for their labor, they doubtless are doing their very best under their hard conditions and surroundings. But the shops of the Russian Jews form a strong, forbidding contrast. Evidently they preferred filth to cleanliness. The report contains a detailed description of each shop.

At the time of making this investigation a large number of shops had been closed in consequnece of the general depression in business. Probably one-half of them have been closed during the last 12 months. It would seem, therefore, that this business has suffered like all others, perhaps more severely.

The report contains full statistics concerning the size of rooms occupied by those engaged in this industry. In many cases not more than 400 or 500 cubic feet of space is occupied by a person, while the best informed on these matters declare that 750 to 1,000 cubic feet of air space per head is required in shops to maintain good health. This estimate is based on tests for impurities in the air of hotels, barracks, workshops and other places. It is asserted that each person should have space enough to permit the passage of 3,000 cubic feet of fresh air per hour without creating perceptible drafts.

There are 1,806 persons employed in the places visited. Of this number 989 were men, 755 women, 40 boys under 16 and 22 girls under 16. Of the employees there were 915 Russians, 469 Americans, 168 Germans, 98 Poles, 48 Austrians, 31 Hungarians, 23 Irish, 20 Roumanians, 19 Italians and 14 English.

Factory Inspector Watchorn has five deputy inspectors making an investigation of these shops in Philadelphia. He recently wrote to the large clothing dealers of the city asking them where they got their clothing made. Speaking of the replies which he received, Mr. Watchorn said: "All the diplomats are not in the diplomatic corps by any means. I never saw or heard so many evasive answers in my life as I received in reply to my letters. I have obtained sufficient evidence, however, to show that the clothing sold by many of the largest and most fashionable clothing houses there is made in shops as vile as there is in that city."

Convict Labor In England.

It is not an easy matter to deal with the subject of prison labor. While everybody admits the desirability of making convicts do something to pay for their maintenance the difficulty arises of devising remunerative work that will not bring the convict into competition with free labor. The British government endeavors to keep prisoners employed at work which can have the least possible effect on free labor, and this is due to the persistent efforts of trades unions.

A London correspondent says that several of these bodies have passed resolutions to the effect "that the labor performed by convicts shall be that which will least conflict with honest industry outside of the prisons, and that the wares manufactured by the convict shall not be put upon the market at less than the current market rates."

The English prison commissioners have had the matter under consideration, and they are credited with having accepted a very novel scheme. It is proposed to convert the refuse bones of the prisons into articles of merchandise. The prisoners will be instructed in carving, and it is anticipated that carved bone goods will meet with a ready sale and interfere with no existing industry in the country.

Probable Results.

While no one can say with certainty what will be the immediate outcome of the present railway troubles and disturbances it requires no special endowment of prophecy to predict the future more or less remote of the great transportation question of the United States. It may be summed up in two words—governmental control.

The fact that any special interest or industry has grown to such proportions that it cannot be managed under private ownership or control need cause no feeling of alarm in a government of the people, but it points unerringly to the fact that if it be worth protecting and developing it must be committed to an authority which no good citizen will question, and that is the authority of the United States government. No one quarrels with the provision of the federal constitution which puts the regulation of commerce among the states into the hands of congress, and the interstate commerce law has gained steadily in favor since its enactment. Why, then, should not the next step be taken and the government take control of the great lines of railway, as it already has of the postal department?—San Francisco Chronicle.

When Mr. Pullman learns that an eastern railroad president estimates at $100,000,000 the losses incident to the strike he will still not be sorry that he did not let a commission of arbitrators determine that there was nothing to arbitrate.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

REVISED WATCH OFFER.

WALTHAMS AND ELGINS ONLY.

FOR SALE BY THE CITIZEN.

FINE WATCHES AT REDUCED PRICES.

THE CITIZEN, ever ready to act in the interest of subscribers, has made a thorough revision of its popular watch offers, and now makes a complete offer of Waltham and Elgin watches that will certainly be appreciated by all who wish to buy accurate time-pieces at the very lowest rates. Every watch offered is a genuine Waltham or Elgin, in such a case as the subscriber may select. THE CITIZEN buys only for subscribers who may order. It sends nothing C. O. D., and does not care to sell anything except to subscribers who appreciate the favor. All watches will be delivered in perfect order. If they are damaged in the mails or found to be otherwise than as guaranteed, they must be returned within three days, and the purchaser's money will be refunded in full. These watches are guaranteed to be the latest product of the Waltham and Elgin factories. Every watch is of the latest and best design, and contains stem-wind and set, and all the greatest improvements. Subscribers should order at once, because these offers may not continue long.

WALTHAM REPEATER.
MEN'S SIZE, HUNTING-CASE.
$80, REDUCED TO $65.

We will sell what remain of the Waltham repeaters for $65 each, and this includes free delivery anywhere in the United States. This is to close out the few that remain. The regular price is $100. A Waltham repeater is a curiosity as well as a correct timepiece, because it strikes the exact time within five minutes whenever a spring is touched. The hunting-case is 14k. gold filled, guaranteed to wear 20 years.

SOLID 14K. GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $32.80.
OFFER NO. 26.

No. 26 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-wind and set, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour), plain regulator, and all improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid 14k. gold, U. S. assay. It weighs 2 oz., and is a beauty. We save subscribers many dollars, and sell this elegant watch, delivered free, for.....$32.80

GOLD WATCH, OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.60.
OFFER NO. 22.

No. 22 is an elegant Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain all the improvements mentioned in No. 26. The case is made by rolling together a sheet of solid gold and another of fine composition metal. The case thus made will wear for years. It looks just like a $100 solid gold watch, and it will bring a handsome sum in cash or exchange. Price, delivered.....$9.60

HUNTING CASE GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $10.80.
OFFER NO. 23.

No. 23 has works like No. 26, and a handsome case made of gold reinforced with composition metel, just like that in No. 22. Price delivered.....$10.80

NICKEL-SILVER WATCH.
WALTHAM OR ELGIN, OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $5.50.
OFFER NO. 29.

No. 29 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. It has jeweled works, exactly like those mentioned in No. 26, but open face. This watch is a magnificent timekeeper, and the case, while solid and durable, is very handsome. It is composed throughout of solid nickel-silver, not nickel-plate, and it is men's full size. This elegant watch is good for a lifetime of rough wear. It is specially adapted to the use of farmers, planters and all other men of affairs who give a watch hard usage. In looks and timekeeping qualities it is unsurpassed by any watch in this list. We will send this timepiece to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$5.50

DIAMOND SPECIAL NO. 2.
GOLD WATCH, JEWELED GOLD HANDS.
HUNTING CASE, ELGIN ONLY.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $15.50.
OFFER NO. 27.

No. 27 is a magnificent Elgin hunting-case watch. It has the very greatest improvements, including the world-renowned cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, full plate, etc. The jewels are real precious stones. It has a genuine porcelain dial with either Roman or Arabic figures, and gold hands set with sparkling gems. These hands are made in Europe, by processes yet unattainable in this country. The gems have all the appearance and sparkle of real, genuine diamonds, and in the trade are often sold as diamonds. They are extremely handsome, and give to the watch the appearance of a $100 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14-karat gold in two plates, stiffened between with a sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 10 years. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. We will sell them for $15.50 each as long as they last, which includes free delivery anywhere in the United States.

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING CASE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER NO. 18.

No. 18 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case. The works are full-size and they are beautifully jeweled. The case is hunting only. Sent to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for.....$9.75

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER NO. 18½.

No. 18½ is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case, open face. The works are made according to the latest design. This is an open-face watch, and it will prove satisfactory in every instance. Price to subscribers, including free delivery, only.....$9.75

NO. 9.—"P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM. FULL JEWELED, MEN'S SIZE.

"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham works contain 15 jewels, four pairs in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. This is probably the most famous watch in the world. THE CITIZEN will send it to any subscriber, old or new. Delivery guaranteed and prepaid in the following cases:

Solid 14k. Gold 2 oz. hunting case..$38.00
Gold-filled 15-year hunting case (engraved).....$18.50
Gold-filled 15-year case, open face (engraved).....$17.50
In solid coin silver case, open face or hunting.....$13.50
In solid nickel silver case, dust proof, open face.....$10.00

"THE LIMITED."
14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH, MEN'S SIZE HUNTING CASE—NO. 2487, PRICE $12.50.

The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. Also remember that only Waltham and Elgin watches are offered. A gentleman who carries one of these watches asked a friend to guess the price. The friend guessed $100. Every purchaser has three days in which he may submit his watch to experts, and the money will be refunded in full if the watch is not found as guaranteed.

No. 2487 is our greatest bargain for men in many ways, and as we may discontinue it soon, subscribers should order at once. This elegant watch has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We have made an immense purchase, and for a short time we will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

"THE LIMITED."
LADIES' SIZE HUNTING CASE 14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH—NO. 2488, PRICE $12.50.

This magnificent watch is just like No. 2487, but ladies' size. This is a most attractive watch, which is especially desirable where a lady wishes something really handsome at a reasonable price. The color of the gold is rich, and the timekeeping qualities of the watch are of high order. Price delivered, $12.50.

SOLID GOLD, FANCY ENGRAVED, HUNTING-CASE WATCH.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $17.50.
OFFER NO. 28.

No. 28 is a watch of the very latest style. The works contain seven jewels and all improvements. The case is solid gold, fancy engraved in a beautiful pattern. This watch is worth $25. We will send it, delivery gauranteed, and prepaid, for only.....$17.50

HUNTING-CASE GOLD WATCH.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $10.
OFFER NO. 24.

No. 24 is a Ladies' size, seven-jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting-case. This case is made by rolling a heavy sheet of solid gold upon a sheet of very stiff composition metal. It is just like a $50 solid gold watch in appearance. This is a great bargain, and we cannot recommend it too highly. It gives any person who has a small amount to spend a chance to own a gold watch. Price, by insured registered mail.....$10

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING-CASE, WALTHAM OR ELGIN.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $9.50.
OFFER NO. 21.

No. 21 is a solid coin-silver hunting-case Waltham or Elgin watch. In the works are seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, plain regulator and all improvements. Like all the watches we offer, it is a stem-wind and setter. Sent to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$9.50

HOW TO ORDER A WATCH—Select the one you desire to purchase and mention it by number. Give your own name, Postoffice, County and State plainly written. Enclose the price of the watch by draft, Postoffice Money Order, Express Money Order, or Registered Letter, and address

"THE CITIZEN" NEWSPAPER CO.,
69 Dearborn-st., Chicago, Ill.

IRISH MARY

It was the early days of the sepoy mutiny, and the revolt had already begun.

At Little Futterhabad, a small government depot occupied by companies of the Sixth, one of the luverary rifles, and a battalion of native foot, under Captains Donaldson and Clare, though but 30 miles from Delhi, were all unconscious of any danger till, two days before, a messenger on horseback arrived at the cantonment with a note from the officer in command of the neighboring town of Susi, informing Captain Donaldson that some of the sepoys there had raised cries of disaffection, that a large body of mutineers were reported as marching on the place, and therefore the officers of the Sixth were implored to start with all speed, and with whatever force they could muster, to intercept these latter, as, were they once to coalesce with the disaffected within the walls, the lives of the English would in all probability be the sacrifice. No time was lost in complying with the appeal contained in this dispatch, and the senior captain (Donaldson) thought himself showing extraordinary prudence in deciding not to take the native battalion, in which, however, he had full confidence.

The regiment marched out to Futterhabad an hour before sundown, leaving behind it, besides the soldiers' wives and children and the civilians, an English sergeant and 10 men to overawe (!) the native troops; also the young wife of Captain Clare, with her little baby, 2 weeks old.

The overpowering heat, dust and noise of the dirty little town had so affected Mrs. Clare in her delicate state of health that her husband had moved her to a deserted mosque, about a quarter of a mile distant from the depot, and which, standing in a garden thickly overgrown with palm and tulip trees, made a pleasant sort of improvised bungalow for the invalid.

The fierce day had faded into evening at last, the evening of the day after the departure of the troops, and Mrs. Clare lay on her couch, her ayah squatted on the floor beside her, with her infant in her arms, and the punkah waving with monotonous regularity over her head as it was pulled to and fro by a servant seated in the veranda outside. The croaking of the frogs could be heard distinctly from the pool in the deserted garden below, mingling with the sharp "cheep, cheep" of the lizards and an occasional murmur from the cantonment or the shrill "ta-ra" of the bugle for supper, but it was not to these customary sounds that Mrs. Clare was listening as she leaned rather forward on her elbow.

"What can it be?" she said at last. "Don't you hear it, Zeena? Can it be the Sixth returning?"

"The mem sahib is feverish. Zeena hear nossing at all, and the sahib Clare and de Sixth not go to come back till tomorrow."

"But we were to have heard from them today, and there has been no message. Could anything have happened to him? Oh, no, not that! And yet it is strange, no one coming near me this evening, not even Mrs. Smyth, as she promised, or—there, Zeena, you must hear that!"

"That" was the audible enough indeed, a cry from the cantonment, something between a shriek and a shout, and followed by a confused hum of many voices.

"Soldier got drunk — mad," said Zeena lazily. "Sergeant put him in black hole."

"It is news of some sort from the regiment. Zeena, give me the baby and run up to the cantonment and see what it is and ask Mrs. Smyth to come back and stay the night with me. Make haste—run." And as the lady clapped her hands impatiently Zeena rose with the silent docility of her class, and only waiting to lay the infant by its mother and place a tumbler of cooling drink beside her sped swiftly through the low, arched doorway and . appeared into the night.

Left alone, Mrs. Clare's anxiety increased. The strange rolling sound was now plainly distinguishable for the measured tramp of soldiers, and that some great excitement was going on at the cantonment was more and more evident. Once a shrill cry rose faintly into the air; then came the sharp clang of a bell as suddenly suppressed, and yet no thought of danger there or to herself crossed her.

* * * * * *

A step aroused her, a quick, noisy step, coming nearer every moment. Was it her husband? No; that was no military tread, but a woman's, and not the smooth, catlike footfall of the Hindoo, but one flying up the garden walk with the frantic, almost clumsy haste. Another moment, and there was a clatter on the marble steps; another, and the heavy cloth curtain draping the arched doorway was roughly torn aside, and a young woman, with a sunburned, freckled face, hung round with tangled reddish elf locks and lit by a pair of laughing blue eyes, bare arms hugging something like a dingy bundle of rags to her bosom, herself clad in similar rags of divers hues, badly covered by an old plaid cloak, thrust herself into Mrs. Clare's dainty presence—the girl nicknamed "Irish Mary," wife of a soldier in the Sixth and a kind of self constituted sutler to the corps.

The heavy curtain draping the arched doorway was roughly torn aside.

She seemed beside herself now, for after a pause for breath she darted to the couch where the pretty patrician lady lay and exclaimed in tones hoarse with excitement: "Mrs. Clare, dear, is it lyin here ye are, as if nothin were doin? Get up an fly, for the love o' heaven. Ochone! Ochone! It's a small chance ye'll have anyhow!"

"Fly where? From what?" cried Mrs. Clare, her indignation at the intrusion lost in astonishment as the other, having deposited her bundle on the bed, almost lifted her on to her feet.

"From murther an slaughterin an worse a million times to the like o' you an me!" Mary cried, her rough hands busy in thrusting Mrs. Clare's little bare feet into a pair of shoes and flinging a dark cloak, which happened to be handy, over her muslin wrapper. "Shure, an aren't the sepoy divils afther enterin the depot, an our soldiers drugged aforehand, an no shot fired to stay thim! Hark to thim, dear! There's a cry! Och, hurry, as ye're a livin woman! There'll not be wan alive an hour hince, nor we aither if we're not gone from here!"

"The sepoys here?" stammered Mrs. Clare. "Do you mean our battalion has risen?"

"An have let in a couple of hundhred more at laste. Misthress dear, for God's sake, don't stan there. There was wan of ours as wasn't drugged, Sergeant McCann he was, an the thing I stumbled over at the gate was the dead body of him hacked thrue an thrue. Shure, an I turned straight roun an niver staid till I got here, for I knew 'twas in yer bed ye were an none to purtect ye."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Clare faintly, and very pale, but still holding back, "but go yourself. I could not run or walk either far, and Captain Clare will be back in a few hours now, if he be alive, and if not I—I would rather die here."

"Die, is it?" cried Mary contemptuously. "An d'ye think I would be afther fearin death, if that was all, or d'ye think it's betther for the captain to fin ye a slave to the black haythens, an yer child's brains dashed out on the stones, as they did wid the childher at Meerut? Missis, I'm flyin for Jim's sake an me boy's here, an I'm not goin widout you, for the captain's been good an kind to Jim. Come, ma'am, hurry! Ye'll walk betther yersel' than if ye were tied to a gun an driven. Here, take hould o' that shawl while I rowl the childer together. I'll carry them, an you kape close to me, an don't spake above yer breath. This way—so!"

The will of the Irish girl was paramount today, and the lady followed, with the meekness of a child, in her footsteps.

The eastern sky was red as blood from the blazing roof of her own house in the officers' quarters, and in that scarlet light Mrs. Clare could see the hillside and the walls of the cantonment dotted over with black figures, while the whole air seemed alive and quivering with a turmoil of shrieks, cries and yells of agony or triumph.

One look was sufficient, and then, as the whole history of their successful treachery burst on her mind, Gertrude Clare cowered closer to the side of the Irish girl whose very existence she had hitherto so loftily ignored and clung to her murmuring: "We shall never escape! What hope is there for us?"

"Lave hould an foller me, or it'll be thrue for ye," Mary muttered in curt response as she dived into a dense thicket of prickly pear and jungle grass, tramping a path in front with her strong feet and leaving many a fragment of her ragged garments, many a streak of blood on the thorny boughs, yet never suffering a touch to disturb the sturdy, brown skinned 8 months baby or the tiny infant of scarce twice as many days, which she carried so tenderly on her right arm.

On and on, tearing their feet and hands, stooping their heads low, praying inwardly the whole time, they struggled for half an hour, treading their way at random through the scrub, only trying for the time to put so much more space between them and their foes; on and on, the Irish girl walking with the firm, elastic tread of one well used to the march; the English one staggering after with a step momentarily slacker and more uncertain, until they reached the outskirts of the wood and found themselves on the edge of a large field of Indian corn, covering the summit of a low hill where they stood. Then, as Mary stooped lower with her burden, that her head might not show above the tall green stalks through which she was about to make her way, Mrs. Clare gasped out:

"Go on. Save yourself. I can do no more," and sinking down fainted away at her humble friend's feet. At the same moment the latter's baby, awakened by the sudden shock of the falling body, set up a piteous wail.

Half beside herself, Mary crouched down, hushing her baby to her breast with one hand, while with the other she loosened the fainting woman's dress and turned her face upward that the night air might refresh her.

She could do no more. There was not a drop of water near to moisten the lips already black and parched, but after a brief while, when her child, being fed and soothed, had fallen asleep again, she laid both babes down by Mrs. Clare and crept on her hands and knees to a little eminence, where she could have a view of their surroundings.

Poor Gertrude! She was roused from her merciful stupor by something sharp and stinging, and opening her eyes saw Mary leaning over with a branch of some thorny plant in her hand, but not even the seemingly cruel method of her revival recalled her so much as the look of horror on the girl's face.

"Foller me—so!" the latter whispered, and crawling behind her Gertrude came to a point where, peeping through the sheltering stack of the Indian corn, they could see the valley beneath. They were not more than half a mile as the bee flies from the mosque. It lay just below them, its white domes gleaming out of the tufts of palms like a globe of frosted silver in the moonbeams. Mary pointed to it silently, and Gertrude felt her blood grow chill within her veins as she saw five armed figures, their black faces and white turbans plainly discernible in the pure white light as they stole through the garden to the door from which the two women had so recently escaped.

"Hark!" Mary whispered, and even with the words there came to them upon the wind the faint cry of baffled rage as the murderers found that their prey had escaped. The next moment they came rushing into the garden again, beating about in search of their victim. Mary's hand closed on her companion.

"If they find our thrack an come shtraight afther us, they'll be 10 minutes gittin here," she said huskily, "an if we're not gone—missis, dear, I only

And on she strode as she spoke.

ax ye to run 10 minutes more. If we can but get thrue this field an down on the other side toward the river, I know where we can hide, an they'll not be follerin fur fear o' bein cut off by our men. Only kape up yer heart, for the love o' God, an thry."

"I will do my best," answered Mrs. Clare, "but if I drop, leave me. It will not be your fault, and I shall not suffer long."

Mary said nothing, but squeezed the slim, white hand in her brown and horny one, and then only waiting to lift the mercifully sleeping children they resumed their flight.

But before they had reached the farther extremity of the cornfield Mrs. Clare had thrice stumbled, and Mary stopped of her own accord, warned by the long drawn, gasping breath that her companion's strength had well nigh come to an end. A new idea seized her, and taking off her cloak she succeeded in strapping the infants onto her back, then making Mrs. Clare take her arm led her on, cheering the sinking woman every now and then with an encouraging whisper.

It was down hill now, but every step was a stumble, every breath a prayer, and they had gained such a little distance.

Suddenly Mrs. Clare reeled, and the hold on Mary's arm gave way. The red spots on her cheeks had died out, and a mortal pallor was there instead.

"Mary," she said, every breath coming with a moan, "leave me now, I command you. You've done your best, God bless you. Go, take your child and give me mine. It could not live long without me, and I can go no farther—not one step."

And looking in her face Mary Kirwan saw it was true. What was to be done? For a moment she stood still and mute; then a scarlet color rushed into her cheeks, and she fell on her knees. "O Lord Christ, I see a way, but it's hard, hard. Help me to do it, for there's no other at all."

It was a moment's prayer, and no sooner uttered than she rose, undid the children from her back, handed Mrs. Clare her own, and tenderly wrapping up the other in her cloak darted away with it among the cornstalks without a word.

When she came back, her arms were empty, and her face was white as death.

"Mary!" cried the English mother, "where is it? What have you done with it—your child?"

"I've put it down," her lips quivering as she raised the other. "Maybe they'll not be afther seein him (for it's in a hole he is among the corn) widout he cries, an he'll not do that, the darlin, when I've nursed him but the now an wrapped him up warm to slape."

"But, Mary—my God! What do you mean?"

"Mane! Shure, that I can't carry you an the childher, too," said Mary simply, "an it's thrue ye can't walk any further. Och, don't be talkin, but hould yer own tight while I lift ye. Shure, it's not the featherweight ye are. Don't be talkin, I say," checking with an almost fierce authority the resistance which Mrs. Clare would fain have offered as she was lifted from the ground. "But iv ever never axed the mother o' God to pray for ye an yours, as ye're a mother yersel', ax her now for me."

And on she strode as she spoke, walking far more swiftly now under her burden than when she had to accommodate her steps to the fragile creature behind her, though now and then a sob broke from her bosom, rending the heart of the prostrate woman she carried.

Yet it was not the weight which distressed her. It was the mother's heart in her, fighting and breaking for that sturdy, brown skinned infant, whom every step put farther and farther away from her, and still she hurried on more swiftly for the agony in her mind, sometimes running, sometimes stumbling, sometimes nearly falling, never daring to pause or lift her head once for a single breath.

Mary felt sure that could she only reach a shelter she knew of—namely, an ancient tomb half hidden among jungle and creepers in a thicket near the river, and which, though once often used as a sleeping place by tramps, fakirs and smugglers, had by some accident, mysteriously significant to the natives, become unclean and had been shunned henceforth as an accursed and polluted spot by Mohammedan and Brahman alike—they might safely hide there till the return of the regiment from Susi.

And she did. As the eastern sky flushed into a delicate rose color, tinting earth and cloud with an ineffable opaline glory, her sore and weary feet stumbled heavily into the thicket of which she had been in search, and dropped upon the damp earth within, with a cry of thankfulness, half inaudible from fatigue.

They were safe.

And Mrs. Clare, rising to her knees, took the brown hands, to which she owed her life, in her little fingers, covering them with her tears and kisses as again and again she poured thanks and blessings on her preserver. Mary checked her.

"Whis! Not a word above yer breath! Shure, it's scarce a hundred yards we are from the road, an I'm hearin something passin the now."

Men's voices were indeed audible, laughing and talking loudly along the road. There might have been half a dozen by the noise, but whether they were deserters or only coolies on their way to labor the women could not tell as they cowered in the inmost recesses of their sanctuary, not even venturing for the next half hour to creep out to drink at a little muddy pool among the reeds, though their lips and throats were so parched and swollen by this time that during the period of waiting they had hardly been able even to whisper a word to one another.

Mrs. Clare, with great discretion, drank sparingly and would fain have coaxed Mary to do the same, but the latter plunged her hot face deep into the water, swallowing it in gulps and only replying when she had slaked her thirst to the full.

"Lave me alone. It's got to last me till I get back."

"Back! Where?" Mrs. Clare asked, but was abashed by the reply.

"Shure, an is it lave me child for good I'd be doin?"

Gertrude burst into tears. Her long fainting fit had confused her, and she now reproached herself bitterly.

"Ah, how could I let you! And you whom I've often looked down on! Why didn't you leave me instead?"

"Ye're a woman yersel'," said Mary gently. "An could ye be afther lavin a feller woman now to the marcy o' thim black divils? As to the boy, acushla," her plain features working unrestrainedly with the sorrow she tried not to express in words, "wasn't it betther to lave him awhile, an he slaping like an angel in me ould cloak, that's for ahll the world the color o' the groun! Shure, I tuk him to the font meself afore iver we left Calcutta, as is more than iver ye've been afther doin for yours, I'll be bound, the purty wee craythur! So I'd the clane right to say to our blessed Lord, 'It's ye he belongs to now, so take care of him till I'm comin back, for it's meself is takin care of a poor unbelavin sowl for ye,' I said, an where would that be of I didn't?"

"But Mary, Mary dear," cried Mrs. Clare, weeping more freely for the girl's simplicity and confidence, "don't go now. It will be only throwing away your own life, and if they have discovered him—oh, please God, they have not!—it will be too late, too late to save. Don't, Mary! The Sixth will be here a few hours hence, and then we will go back together under good guard and search for him, and he shall never want for anything again if I can help it, or you either. Only stay!"

But Mary shook her rough head doggedly.

"I could thrust him above to help me when I was thryin to help him," she said, "but ef 'twas carin for meself I was—an shure anyhow is it I could sit here an me purty, bright eyed boy, Jim's one bairn, tugging at me heartstrings a' the while?"

And yet it was with a stern, beautiful patience that she delayed another 10 minutes to feed Mrs. Clare's tiny infant, which had wakened, crying with a hunger which was no longer warded off by rapid movement, and which its poor young mother had no power to relieve. Then, her work of charity completed, the private's wife gave the babe back to its mother, and cautioning the latter to keep well within shelter till she saw relief at hand and undaunted by the growing heat of the sun, her terrible fatigue and bleeding feet, untroubled even by the almost certain prospect of discovery, she sallied forth on the return search for her child.

Left alone, the hours passed wearily with the officer's wife. She was worn out with fatigue and agitation. She was faint with hunger, and do what she would her child wailed and fretted.

The hours wore on. The sun rose higher and higher till the low entrance to the ruin glowed like a yellow mouth of a furnace. The child, tired with crying, fell asleep again, and she herself was resting in a sort of half slumber of exhaustion when a noise from without startled her into a sitting position, her heart sick with terror. There was a tramp of horses' feet and the regular tramp of many men coming up the road.

Was it the Sixth, or was it the party of mutineers which had separated from their fellows?

If it were the former, and she remained in her hiding place, they might pass on and leave her to perish of hunger and weakness. If the latter, and she were to show herself, God only could foresee her fate in its full horror. And the tramp, tramp, came nearer and nearer. She could hear the murmur of voices and catch now and then the gleam of arms among the trees which hid the ruin.

The suspense became intolerable. Laying her child gently in a dark corner, she crawled to the entrance and looked out. A body of troops were passing, had almost passed. She could see the scarlet uniforms of the Sixth and the Scotch caps and gray jackets of Captain Donaldson's men. She could almost hear the words of the soldiers as at quick march and in double file they passed along, their sternly vengeful faces telling of the hard work they had been doing, the work they were about to do, and yet, when she tried to call to them, her tongue clove to her mouth, a mist rose before her eyes, and with a faint cry she sank, face foremost, on the ground.

When she recovered, she was in her husband's arms, and his grateful tears were on her face. Little did that young officer, who had heard of the attack on Futterhabad and the wholesale massacre, expect to see his wife alive and safe. The Sixth had indeed met and defeated the party of which they were in search with more ease than they had expected and were in consequence returning rather earlier when met en route by the body of mutineers dispatched for that purpose, who, by first harassing and then leading them in pursuit, had, without the loss of more than two or three men, contrived to delay them two good hours on their way.

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But what of Mary?

No one can tell what she endured in her return search for her child. It was then in the last week of May, and the heat at 8 o'clock was so intense that it seemed to frizzle the brains in her uncovered head. She had lost a shoe, and her feet were cut and swollen. Her head felt swollen, too, and her eyes dim and distended. It was the effect of the too hearty drink in the hot sun and of the want of food, which was besides making her sick and giddy, and as the sun grew hotter and hotter a species of delirium seemed to seize her. She saw before her a crowd of sepoys with inflamed eyes and dark, ferocious faces and in the midst of them her baby held by one of the miscreants in the act of dashing its brains out upon the ground. She shrieked aloud in her agony, darted wildly forward, stumbled, fell headlong to the ground, staggered to her feet again, and, lo! the sepoys were gone, and instead her child was wailing, wailing, somewhere in front of her. Yes, she saw it now distinctly, wrapped in the cloak as she had left it among the cornstalks, and near it, crouching for the spring, a huge Bengal tiger. Again she screamed and sprang forward, throwing out her arms wildly to scare the animal, and again the horrible vision vanished, only to be renewed a thousand times in a thousand different forms.

Once she met a gentle looking Parsee face to face, who stopped her and gave her some "chuppatties" (coarse meal cakes) and a drink of sour milk and warned her earnestly against returning to the town, signifying, by gesture as well as words, the fate which had befallen her friends there. She ate and drank ravenously of what he gave, but only shook her head at his advice and hastened on. The Parsee went his way, shaking his head. Evidently the poor woman had been driven mad by the slaughter of those belonging to her, and he should only embarrass and compromise himself by trying to detain her.

And then at last, all at once, the weight rolled off her brain and the red mist from before her eyes. She was on her knees in the maize field, and in front of her was the very hole where she had laid her infant with the rusty plaid cloak crumpled on the edge of it.

But the child?

For a moment an awful despair seized her, and a cry broke from her lips, so shrill and unearthly that it scared away a couple of vultures who were hovering low over something a yard or two distant. A little cooing, gurgling note of pleasure answered, and turning she saw a round, rosy face among the cornstalks and a pair of fat hands and naked dimpled feet trying, by stretching and crawling, to get at the mother who had left it.

When Captain Clare, accompanied by four of his men, entered the same field in search of his wife's preserver, they found Mary quietly seated on the ground, nursing her baby, and the ring-

"Is it kilt he is?" she asked hoarsely.

ing cheer which greeted the sight might have shown her how her heroism was appreciated by those brave, rugged hearts. She hardly heeded it, but just stood up, dropping her courtesy to the officer, and then looked round at the others.

"An where's my Jim at all?"

There was no immediate answer. The men did not seem to hear, and Captain Clare began thanking her in an agitated way for all that she had done, and urging her to hasten with him to the carriage at the foot of the hill, where Mrs. Clare was waiting for her, which was to take them both under a strong guard to Susi and thence as soon as possible to Calcutta. Mary courtesied again.

"Thank ye, sir. It's very good ye are to me, but I'm not wantin to lave me husband, though it's not 'on the strength' I am. Shure I'll go down to him the now, since he's no mind to come up to me. Maybe, though, he's not got lave to fall out o' the ranks for that."

The last words were said piteously, her eager, excited blue eyes lifted to the officer's kindly face. Very gently he took her arm.

"Come to the carriage first, Mary, anyway. Mrs. Clare wants to—to speak to you. My good girl, my brave girl, you're not going to give way now!"

"Is it kilt he is?" she asked hoarsely, and then, before any reply could be given save the mute answer of the eyes, the child fell from her arms, she reeled suddenly and dropped, a senseless, crumpled heap, at the commander's feet.

When Mary recovered from the shock occasioned by her husband's death, she accompanied Mrs. Clare to England and was ever after her constant companion. The two boys became fast friends, and when young Kyle—Mary's boy—grew to man's estate Mrs. Clare had him established in a small business, for, as she said, "she could never do enough for the son of the woman who had so generously saved her life."—Catholic Home Almanac.

His Unlucky Day.

"I tell you what it is," said a man. "I am firmly convinced that every man has his particular day for good and bad luck. Monday is my unlucky day. I have been watching it for 20 years, and nothing can shake me in this belief. I never begin any enterprise, no matter how trivial, or start on any journey on that day. Therefore I make Monday an off day and do nothing but potter around the house. Even in these little affairs everything goes wrong. Take the record of last Monday, a fair average, and be convinced:

"Smashed finger while nailing board on fence.

"Fell down cellar stairs with coal scuttle.

"Fell over wheelbarrow while carrying stepladder.

"Sat down on chair where children had been pulling taffy.

"Got swindled by peddler.

"Got thumb pinched in gate.

"Received summons to serve on special jury.

"Forgot all about it.

"Was fined £10.

"Income tax man called.

"While eating supper square yard of ceiling fell on dining table.

"Went to bed to escape further disaster. Had nightmare. Thought I was falling from top of Eiffel tower. Fell out of bed and broke arm. Looked at clock and saw it lacked 15 minutes of midnight. Laid still till clock struck 12. Was afraid if I moved before Tuesday ushered in would have broken neck."—Exchange.

Hot Name Stones From Heaven.

The Mohammedans speak of the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah as "the falling of the redhot name stones." They say that when Lot had made a dead failure of his attempt to convert the Sodomites God sent Gabriel and two other angels to destroy them. Gabriel was directed to creep under the foundations of the wicked cities, and then, by suddenly straightening his form, lift the cities high in the air and let them fall to the earth in ruins. After this great overthrow, so the Koran says, "God showered down upon them hot, burning stones, baked in furnaces of hell. On each stone the name of some guilty one was written, and on him it fell. In a like manner all who were out of the cities at the time of the overthrow were destroyed." One Sodomite, who chanced to be in the temple at Mecca at the time his city, was overtaken with the dreadful semihistorical catastrophe, resolved to remain in the sacred edifice (the Mohammedans claim that the temple at Mecca was built by Abraham, and that no harm can possibly befall it or any one within its holy inclosures) until the crimes which he had committed should be forgotten. He remained there 40 years, piously praying and keeping fast days, but no sooner did he leave its holy shelter than he was struck down and killed by one of the burning "name stones."—St. Louis Republic.

The Use of Woods.

Furniture manufacturers are now using mahogany more than ever, especially in chairs, and it is used also in house trim. Perhaps the most popular wood of the moment for interior uses, house trim and furniture is American birch, the use of which is increasing largely. It comes from Canada and from New York, Pennsylvania and West Virginia. It costs about one-third the price of mahogany. Good mahogany sells at 18 to 30 cents a square foot. American birch has been growing in favor for five years, to some extent on account of the increasing scarcity and higher prices of cherry, another popular wood, which many would now prefer but for its cost. Cherry now sells at about two-thirds the price of mahogany. Oak is used for house trim, both quartered and plain, and other popular woods are cypress, sycamore, maple, ash, elm and hazel wood. Black walnut, so generally used 20 years ago, is still used somewhat.—New York Sun.

A Rose That Is Not a Rose.

The common tuberose is an excellent illustration of a popular misnomer. The plant is not a rose at all and has no connection with the rose family. Its name is a corruption. The French gardeners always call it tuberense, or tuber plant, and the latter part of the name was corrupted by ignorant persons into tuberose. The similarity of sound no doubt led to the change of name and consequent mistake, similar instances having often occurred. — Philadelphia Press.

His Diagnosis.

She—I have got four new wrinkles in my face since I married you.

He—Too bad! I presume it comes from worrying over milliners' bills which I can't pay.—New York Weekly.

AN ODD LITTLE STORY

A ROMANCE THAT ENDED IN TRAGEDY IN OLD NEW YORK.

A Duel, a Girl's Transferred Affections and Two Sad Deaths—The Accidental Meeting In the Society Library and the Coincidence of a Book's Title and Author.

There is an odd story connected with the New York Society library, which is fully as interesting as the personality of its patrons. The charter of the institution was granted in 1772 by George III, and in those days it was a place of resort by the fashionable people of the town. Some time after the war had ended a young Englishman, who had been an officer in the British army and attached to General Howe's staff, visited the library to while away an idle hour. He became absorbed in his book and did not notice that he was being closely watched by a man who sat near him. When he arose to go, he was followed to the door and tapped on the shoulder.

"Pardon me," said the stranger, "but were you not a soldier in his majesty's army some years ago, and were you not engaged in a hand to hand encounter with an American whom you left for dead on the field of honor?"

"I remember the circumstances perfectly," was the reply. "What do you know of it?"

"I am the man with whom you fought, and I have to thank you for this," pointing to an empty sleeve.

"One of us had to suffer," was the reply.

"I am aware of that," answered the other, "and I can forgive it, but I cannot forgive or forget that you took from me something more precious than my arm. You robbed me of my affianced wife."

The story may be briefly told. The American was engaged to be married to a beautiful girl, the daughter of one of New York's most prosperous merchants. She was good and true, and the day for the marriage had been set. One day her lover quarreled with the Englishman in a place of public resort. The men were strangers to each other. A challenge followed, and it was agreed to meet the next morning at daybreak on the Jersey shore and fight with rapiers. The American went home to arrange his affairs and in the evening called on his intended bride. His unusual seriousness aroused her fears, and she begged to know the use. The young man, after much ...eaty, told what he was to do on th. morrow. The young woman swooned, and when she recovered found that her lover, fearing that he might be dissuaded, had left her. She at once dispatched a worthy servant to visit the various public houses—for there weren't many of them—and learn, if possible, the place of rendezvous. The quest was successful, and at 7 the next morning, after a sleepless night, the girl was at the meeting place, but too late to interfere. The duel had already taken place, and her lover lay wounded nigh unto death. He was taken home and nursed back to life and strength. Some months later the young woman met the Englishman at a social gathering. She did not know him, nor did he know her. The young man fell desperately in love.

In less than a month the maiden's heart had changed, and her affections were transferred. When she gave up her engagement ring and told the old lover the name of the new one, he shocked her by the statement that the Englishman was the man who had so nearly killed him. There was a great revulsion of feeling. The girl became ill, brain fever ensued, and she died.

This was what the American referred to when he met the Englishman in the old library building. In his excitement he had carried a book which he had picked up unwittingly with him, and, overcome by the remembrance of his wrongs, dashed it into the face of his enemy. The assault was so sudden that the Englishman lost his balance and fell. His head struck the wall, and he became unconscious. The constables came and took him away. When the attendants rushed out to see what was the matter, they picked up a book. One of them looked at the title page and saw that it was called "The Fate of the Inconstant," and its author, whose name was not unknown, was the mother of the girl who had jilted the American. The English officer was so seriously injured by the fall that his mind became impaired, and he died some years after in a private retreat for the insane.—New York Mail and Express.

The Mountain Laurel.

It is certainly strange that American gardeners have paid so little attention to the mountain laurel, Kalmia latifolia, as a decorative plant. Probably there is not one laurel planted in this country for every thousand rhododendrons and azaleas, although the flowers of the laurel are not less beautiful. Indeed some good judges consider them more beautiful than the flowers of any other American shrub. It is, moreover, an easier plant to cultivate and much less particular about soil and exposure. One of the reasons why it has been neglected no doubt is that it is a common, native shrub, and another is that it is not always an easy matter to procure well grown plants. Young plants can be dug up in the woods, but they require some care and cultivation in the nursery before becoming well established. Now, however, small plants covered with flower buds can be obtained from Dutch nurserymen by the thousand at what seems a ridiculously low price. At this time of the year no other shrub is so beautiful in the northern states. It is one of the best subjects to plant on the borders of natural woods or in other half wild situations, as it endures the shade of overhanging trees and does not suffer from drought. Its value as a decorative plant should be better known and more often insisted upon.—Garden and Forest.

TYPEWRITERS.

Opinions of Them Dictated to One of Them by an Accomplished Stenographer.

More trash and nonsense are written about typewriter girls by people who do not understand what good typewriting is or how to dictate to a typewriter than about any other profession or any other business in which either men or women are engaged today. The fact of the matter is that typewriting is worth anywhere from $5 a week up to $20 or $25, which is sometimes paid as a weekly salary to expert typewriters who have no knowledge of shorthand.

It is no unusual thing for typewriters to earn at folio work from dictation by stenographers $2 an hour and over, and the finest experts are worth every cent of that amount of money. Among stenographers $1 an hour is the ruling rate, and for that $1 a good typewriter with an expert dictator will transcribe from 30 to 40 folios an hour of testimony. In some cases even 40 folios an hour of solid matter have been dictated. Forty folios is two columns of The Sun, and of the men who write about dictating to typewriters as though they knew about it there are probably not half a dozen in the country who can dictate so much.

Many years ago the writer was employed as shorthand amanuensis by George Alfred Townsend, well known as "Gath," who habitually dictated to him in shorthand two columns an hour and did it every day in the week two hours a day for months at a time, indicating every full stop, semicolon, quotation mark and paragraph. If "Gath" dictates to a typewriter now and has one of the best in the business, no doubt he can dictate from a column and a half to two columns an hour of original matter, and the writer knows of no other man who can do that. Of course there are plenty of incompetents who pose as typewriters and who bring the business into discredit by their poor work. For many years the writer has been thrown in contact with expert typewriters in his business as an official stenographer. In view of the many gibes and sneers in which newspaper writers indulge on the subject of typewriter operators of the feminine gender, it is matter of simple justice to say that the women with whom he has been associated in his business have been without exception well educated, refined, capable of doing rapid and accurate work, who attended strictly to business and did not waste time with frivolous remarks.

It seems unfair to judge of any business or profession by the weaklings engaged therein, whether the work be law, medicine, the ministry, shorthand or typewriting, and any one who cannot accomplish twice as much dictating to a good typewriter operator as with a pen is unable to do that either because he does not know how to dictate or because he has an inferior operator. It took just eight minutes to dictate this article to a typewriter who does not claim to special expertness and whose charge was 25 cents.

(The above was not altered in any respect by the editor, and the printers were requested to follow copy. The reader may therefore judge of the accuracy both of the dictator and the typewriter.)—New York Sun.

Why Beer Kegs Are Made So Thick.

It takes a long while for a beer keg to wear out. It has a tough constitution and is protected from internal decay by a coat of pure and hard pitch. The pitch used on the modern keg is much superior to that formerly used. It is clear, tasteless and tough. An empty beer keg will stand a great many hard knocks before the pitch scales off.

The kegs wear out, when they do wear, externally. They are wet and dry alternately, and this promotes decay. Then they get a great deal of unnecessary banging around between the time they leave the brewery and are brought back again. Everybody, from the driver and railroad and steamboat hands down to the barkeepers, seems to think the kegs are indestructible. A whole car load of empty kegs is frequently thrown from the car down to the ground. A single empty keg is often thrown 15 feet. It really isn't necessary to make the kegs as heavy, so far as the keeping of the beer is concerned. They began by being made heavy in the old days. The brewers then deemed it absolutely requisite to make them that way to withstand the pressure of the beer. The very fact that they were made heavy and clumsy subjected them to rough handling. Now they have to be made heavy and extra material has to be put into the heads and staves simply because of this handling and not from any danger on account of the internal pressure of the beer.—Chicago Tribune.

Easy to Make a Strong Cigar.

A tobacco manufacturer who moves in a select coterie of tobacco loving friends was recently told by one of those connoisseurs that he had yet to find a cigar that was too strong for him to enjoy. Acting on the suggestion, the manufacturer took occasion to have a cigar specially constructed of stems and neatly covered with a rich, appetizing Havana leaf, rolled into points at both ends. This he presented to his friend with the wish that it might prove strong enough to suit his taste. Suspecting nothing, the friend proceeded to smoke, and was soon surprised to see coals like redhot nails exuding from the end of the cigar. As the skin peeled off his tongue his brain began to reel, and he soon gave up in an old fashioned attack of nausea. He no longer boasts of his capacity before people who are in the business.—Philadelphia Record.

A Discovery.

Little Girl—It's all nonsense 'bout ole maids never tellin their age.

Little Boy—Why?

"Queen Elizabeth was an old maid, wasn't she?"

"Yes."

"Well, the paper says Professor Drysedust is goin to lecture on 'The Age of Elizabeth,' so there."—Pearson's Weekly.

A BABY'S FACE.

How a Woman Brought Comfort to a Mother's Aching Breast.

She had been hanging around the place for a week or more. The policeman who traversed that beat had ordered her away once, but she was there again the next day, looking at the photographs on exhibition just outside the entrance to the building.

"What are you doing around here again?" he asked gruffly, somewhat nettled that his first reproof had not been heeded. "Didn't I tell you yesterday to stay away from here? Don't you know you are liable to be arrested? You don't look very well, you know," he added half apologetically, touched by the appealing look in the faded gray eyes. "The artist'll soon be raising a row. You'll hurt his trade. What do you want here anyhow?"

"That," she said wistfully, pointing to one of the photographs in the fine collection.

The policeman looked. It was the picture of a baby.

"It looks like my boy," she said tremulously. "Don't you suppose I could get one of them? It wouldn't be any harm to ask, would it?"

The policeman's harshness had vanished. Perhaps the remembrance of baby hands gone out of his own life softened his heart, and he answered kindly: "No, it won't. Come on, I'll go with you. We'll see what we can do."

The fashionable Wabash avenue artist was visibly surprised when the couple entered his studio.

"She wants to ask a favor of you," said the officer, pointing over his shoulder to the woman in rusty black. "I guess you'd better do the best you can for her."

"It's about the picture down there on the street," she proceeded timidly in answer to the photographer's look of inquiry. "I've been coming here to look at it for I don't know how long. I couldn't stay away, for, as I told him a moment ago, it's just like my boy. You see, I never had his picture taken. I couldn't afford it. I kept putting it off and putting it off, thinking that some time I would have more money, and even after he got sick I neglected it, for I couldn't believe I'd lose him."

She stopped.

"Well?" questioned the artist.

"But they sent for me to come to the hospital one night, and they told me he was dead. The first thing I thought was, 'And I haven't even a picture of him.' So ever since then I've been looking for a face like his. I've examined every photograph and every fancy picture I came across, but I never found anything resembling him but this. You have one up here, too," she said, arising and standing before a dainty face looking down at her from its place upon the wall. "The likeness is perfect. The same large, earnest eyes, the same long lashes, the same curve of brow and cheek and the same bonny smile. He was so pretty, my baby was. I wish I had that picture. Do you suppose I could get it?"

The policeman had walked to the window and was watching the throng on the street below. The artist coughed and shaded his face with his hands, and the shabby, prematurely old woman gazed longingly at the pictured face before her.

"It's an unusual request," the artist commenced doubtfully.

"But you won't refuse to grant it," a low voice interrupted, and its owner stepped through the doorway from the inner room, where she had been preparing for a sitting.

"I heard what you said," she went on, and the sweet face was transfigured with gentle sympathy as she clasped the hand of her unfortunate sister, "and I want to tell you how sorry I am that your baby died. That is my boy's picture. You can have the photograph, and you can see him. Every hour I thank God for sparing him to me."

The bit of cardboard on which were limned the features of a child resembling her dead baby was given to her, and the woman, whose heart had yearned for years for a glimpse of a face like her boy's, went out on the street again.—Chicago Tribune.

He Wanted the Latest.

The other morning a man went into a music store and asked for "Ave Maria."

"Which one do you want?" asked the clerk.

"Oh, I don't know whose it is," he said. "Give me the best one."

"Well, we have one by Gounod, Liszt, Luzzi, Mascagni, Millard, Cherubini and Dulcken—any one is good."

"Gosh," said the customer. "I didn't know there was so many. Give me Jerry Beene's."

Cherubini's was handed him, but about noon he came back dissatisfied.

"This is no good on earth," he said. "I can't make head nor tail to the tune."

Gounod's "Ave Maria" was then given him, but 3 o'clock brought him back again.

"It wasn't 'Ave Maria' at all I wanted," he explained. "It was 'Sweet Marie.'"—Indianapolis Sentinel.

Highest and Lowest States.

According to the recently announced results of measurements and calculations made by the United States geological survey, Delaware is the lowest state, its elevation above sea level averaging only 60 feet. Colorado is the highest, averaging 6,800 feet above the sea, while Wyoming is a close second, only 100 feet lower than Colorado. In minimum elevation Florida and Louisiana dispute for second place after Delaware, their average elevation being, for each, 100 feet. Taking the United States as a whole, our country lies slightly above the average elevation of the land of the globe.—Youth's Companion.

No Words to Waste.

Mother—Mrs. Blank has given you some cake, and you haven't even said thank you.

Small Son—It's baker's.—Good News.

AT EVENING.

Below her in the valley farm
She heard the rustic mirth.
The pasture, lessened to a line,
Was heaven as much as earth.

The fiddle poured a dancing tune
That called her feet, and, oh,
Her heart was hungry for the lad
She danced with long ago!

—Norman Gale.

CARMENCITA WINS A NAME.

The Spanish Dancer Christened by a Band of Brigands While a Captive.

"In my time," said Carmencita, "I have danced before the queen of Spain and other notables and have been impressed by the surroundings, but no dancing that I ever did had such peculiar and impressive surroundings as one that I did when a little girl before a band of Spanish brigands. When I was 15, I was living with my aunt and uncle, who had a produce farm not very far from Madrid and equally near to the palace of the Escurial. I was in the habit of loading a donkey with fresh eggs and vegetables for the priests who had charge of the church, and on one particular morning I not only had a heavy load of provisions for the fathers, but nearly 2,000 reals besides hidden in my bosom, which were to pay for some masses for my aunt's mother.

"I was proceeding along slowly with my donkey, not thinking of anything else except the bull fight I had seen on the previous Sunday, when I was suddenly surrounded by fierce looking men, and in a few minutes I was being hurried down a rocky path into some dark woods, where a tall and dignified man, the chief of the robbers, was lying asleep. He was awakened by our coming and smiled kindly at my poor little trembling self and asked me my name. 'Carmen,' I exclaimed through my chattering teeth. 'Well, Carmencita, don't be frightened, and perhaps I will let you go home soon.' I may tell you that that was the first time I was ever addressed as 'Carmencita'—Little Carmen—the same as I now call myself, so I was christened by a brigand, I may say.

"Well, I sat down and watched the robbers making omelets out of my fresh eggs and crunching my crisp onions, and how I wished every mouthful would choke them! After awhile the chief looked to where I was crouching in a corner and called me to him and made me drink a big tincupful of wine, and then he demanded to know where I had hidden the money for my greatauntʼs masses. I was dumfounded. 'How do you know that I have any money?' I asked. 'Oh, I know, little one. Let us count the shining coins and see if there is enough.' And motioning to one of the women of his band I was soon relieved of the treasure hidden in my bodice. I implored him not to take it and told him how sure would be the vengeance of the holy saints if he robbed them of their dues.

"Like most Spaniards, the bandits were truly religious, and I noticed that my pleading in the name of the church was having its effect on the other members of the band, and then somebody began playing a mandolin. For a few minutes everybody listened, and whether it was the wine I drank or what I don't know, but I began tapping the ground with my feet and nodding in tune with the aria. 'Ah you dance?' said the chief. 'Now, come, little one, see if you can't earn back your mass money.'

"I sent up a silent prayer to the blessed Virgin and followed the band to a smooth piece of grassy ground just beyond the cavern. Round this the robbers squatted, tailor fashion, excepting two of them who stood on one side strumming guitars. I danced, and the good saints must have inspired every movement of my body, for soon the entire band was clapping their hands and shouting 'Brava, bravissima!' For nearly an hour I continued until I at last had to stop from exhaustion. But when I had finished the robber chief lifted me in his arms and kissed me and handed me back the purse with all the mass money untouched. Then he told one of his men to bring out my donkey, and next he took off his hat and went around among his band, saying, 'Now, boys, let us pay Carmencita for the good breakfast she brought us.' I heard the clink of money falling in his hat, and in a few minutes he came to me and told me to place my two hands together like a pocket, and then he poured on my palms a sum far larger than I should have received from the priests for my farm produce. Then, with two more of his men, he escorted me and my donkey nearly to the gates of the Escurial, and before he left he gave me a small, curiously bent piece of iron. 'This,' said he, 'will save you from all molestation in this portion of Spain if you ever have the fortune to meet any more gentlemen of my profession.'

"I told my story to the fathers at the palace, and a troop of dragoons was sent in pursuit, but I am glad to say they did not catch Antanazio. That was the bandit chief's name. My uncle was quite content with the amount I brought him for his eggs and vegetables, and there were a few pieces over for me to spend at the fair. The robber's piece of iron I have still. I think it is my mascot."—Philadelphia Times.

Theory and Practice.

Wife—Do newspaper writers sit up all night?

Husband—I believe so.

"That explains it, then."

"Explains what?"

"The household department of this paper recommends roast potatoes for breakfast. One would have to sit up all night to have the oven hot enough."—New York Weekly.

The Best Evidence.

Willie—How is that fellow getting on with your sister?

Bobbie—I guess she must have accepted him.

Willie—What makes you think so?

Bobbie—He has stopped making me any more weekly payments.—New York Herald.

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Jacques Cartier No 5—Michael Cyr, C R, 66 Winthrop place; John W Twohey, Rec Sec, 248 Laflin st; Louis Jordain, Fin Sec; Ed L Caron, Treas; Dr P Lesage, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Sundays at 188 Blue Island av.

St John's No 6—Stephen Dake, C R, 1928 Dearborn st; James Donohue, Rec Sec, 4033 Dearborn st; Dennis McGrath, Fin Sec; Martin D Kearney, Treas; Dr Dan'l H. Sullivan, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Monday at 8 p m in Prosperity Hall, Eighteenth and State sts.

St James No 7—D B Quinlan, C R, 3119 State st; H S Hewson, Rec Sec, 85 Fifth av; W J Eller, Fin Sec; P M Clowry, Treas; Dr P S McDonald, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Fridays in Arlington Hall, Indiana av and Thirty-first st.

St Joseph No 8—George H McMunn, C R, 230 S Centre av; William A Boyne, Rec Sec, 27 Arthington place; John J Lawler, Fin Sec; James J Prindiville, Treas; Dr John J Leahy, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday at 2:30 p m and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 p m in Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh sts.

St Mary's No 10—Patrick Flanagan, C R, 3350 Yorktown st; W G Brennan, Rec Sec, 1921 Indiana av; James Drury, Fin Sec; Wm White, Treas; Dr J P Smyth, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at St Mary's church.

Nativity No 11—Matthew Lamb, C R, 3305 Auburn av; Michael Ryan, 2054 Lowe av; Charles P Holbrook, Fin Sec; Wm L O'Brien, Treas; Dr John R McNamara, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Tuesday in Queally's Hall, 3749 S Halsted st.

St Patrick's No 12—John Davy, C R, 150 S Peoria st; Thomas J Garrity, Rec Sec, 484 Winchester a; Frank P O'Donnell, Fin Sec; John J Leary, Treas; Dr C Hogan, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in Fitzgerald's Hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette No 13—John C Curtis, C R, 464 Austin av; J J Gallagher, Rec Sec, 256 W Huron st; J M O'Halloran, Fin Sec; L Foley, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday and last Friday at 528 W Indiana st.

Holy Name No 14—Hugh Manley, C R, Austin F Minogue, Rec Sec, 211 Townsend st; John F Owens, Fin Sec; Maurice C Cooney, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in School hall, Class st and Chicago av.

St Thomas No 15—Thomas Mulvihill, C R, 228 Fifty-fourth st; John Mott, Rec Sec, 5743 Kimbark av; M D Mooney, Fin Sec; Dennis Gleeson, Treas; Dr J A Hemsteger, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m at 5475 Woodlawn av.

St. Gabriel No 16—Lawrence Phee, C R, 1045 W 57th st; R S, J V Cook, 743 W 43d st; F S, John Hale; Treas, William Tracy. Meet in Allen's hall, 700 W 43d st.

St Ignatius No 18—C R, J D Tighe, 433 S Morgan st; R S, J J Owens; F S, C J Reilly; Treas, T J Lee. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays at 446 W Twelfth st.

Western Reserve No 19—C R, Luke Cassidy, 881 W Lake st; R S, H T Kelly, 25 Owasco st; F S, Michael Muldoon; Treas, John J Byrne. Meet 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday at 586 Lake st.

St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaeter, 2501 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 559 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9222 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4731 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4059 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Grapp's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Asshenden, 91 S Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Morgan st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western aves.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 400 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, John H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foisy. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koolzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 38 W 12th st; R S, Julius Esler, 634 W 15th st; F S, J. Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 77 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebracht, 1037 Leavitt st; F S, J F Maibach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 330 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michae Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Prosperity hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 112 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 7 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 719 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler 485 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 575 Well st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Cityourne av and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 36—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, D Conroy; T J M Klenke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m.

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dolan, 380 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarkey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 7 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:3 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 551 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cox, 3723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 5800 Wentworth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Beckling, 109 Belmont av; R S, Geo B Dressel, 1080 Wolfram st; F S, John W Schmitt; T, H Bissenmann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednes

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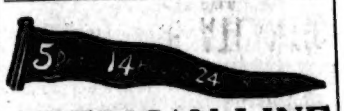

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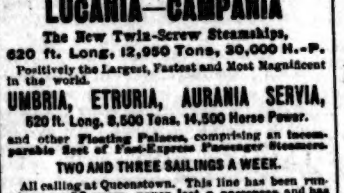

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JAMES McENERNY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, UNITY BUILDING.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—ss.—Circuit Court of Cook County. July Term. A. D. 1894. Mary Hart vs. Edward Hart. In Chancery. No. 131,930.

Notice is hereby given to the said Edward Hart that the above named complainant heretofore filed her Bill of Complaint in said court, on the Chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendant, returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of August A. D. 1894, as by law required, and which suit is still pending.

FRANK J. GAULTER, Clerk.

James McEnerny, Compl'ts Sol'r.